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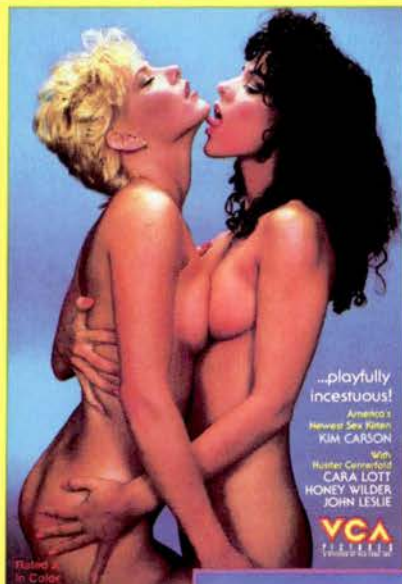
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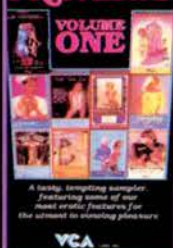
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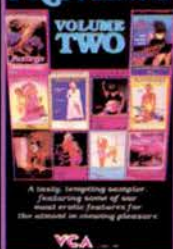
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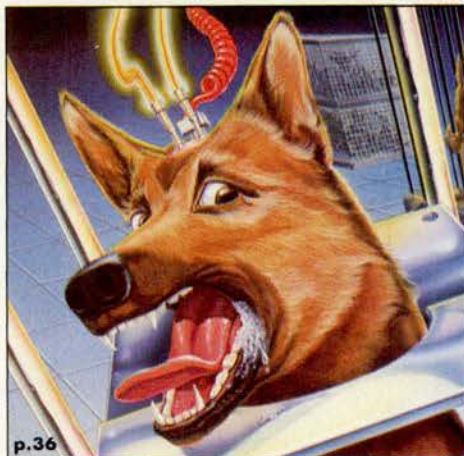
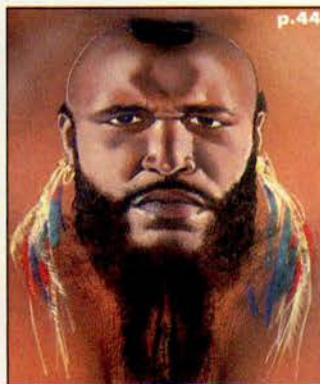
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### On the Cover . . .

It's obvious that Pamela enjoys being a girl—even in men's clothes. We won't say whose they are, but it was Director of Photography James Baes who persuaded her to pose for HUSTLER after introducing himself at a chic L.A. nightclub. Baes tells us that Pamela was such a natural in front of the camera that he asked if she'd consider a career in modeling. Blushing, she admitted that she had already started—as a covergirl for *Seventeen* magazine.

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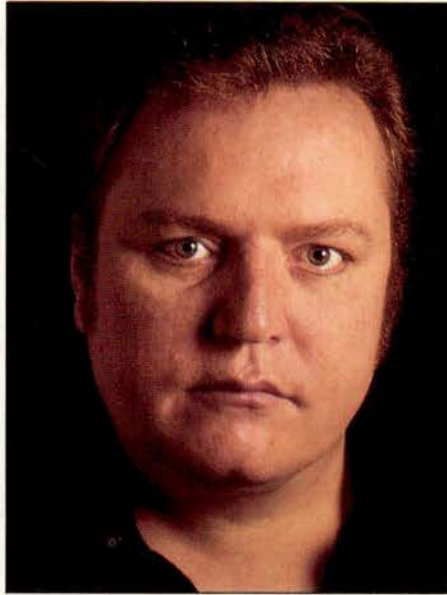
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## STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

### A TALE OF TWO CITIES



Still another attempt to rob you of your Constitutional right to read HUSTLER is being launched by the forces of repression. If they succeed, the First Amendment won't be worth the parchment it's written on. This latest assault on free speech is being mounted by two unlikely but powerful allies: right-wing conservatives and radical feminists who have only one thing in common—fear of sexual liberty.

These strange bedfellows recently persuaded city councils in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and Indianapolis, Indiana, to pass ordinances defining pornography as a form of discrimination that violates the civil rights of females. And just what is pornography, according to these statutes? The "sexually explicit subordination of women, graphically depicted, whether in pictures or words"—a sweeping definition that could cover everything from S&M and "watersports" to simply showing women with their genitals uncovered.

Under these half-assed ordinances, any woman who thought her rights were violated by a sexually explicit magazine pictorial could complain to a government agency. If the agency and the courts then agreed that the publication fell within the scope of the law, the issue containing that pictorial could be banned. And those responsible for it could be subject to civil lawsuits.

But not only magazines would be threatened. The language of these statutes is so vague that they could also be used to suppress great plays such as Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*, TV shows like *Dynasty* and *Dallas*, novels such as *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *Gone With the Wind*, and even the Bible.

The driving force behind this blatant campaign of censorship is writer Andrea Dworkin, a foaming-at-the-mouth feminist who has the gall to compare the effects of pornography on Americans to the Nazi murders of 6 million Jews during World War II. Dworkin and a radical colleague were paid \$5,000 to draw up the antiporn statute for the Minneapolis City Council. During hearings on their crazy scheme, council members relied heavily on studies showing that men exposed repeatedly to violent R- and X-rated movies were less sympathetic to women who have been raped.

Edward Donnerstein of the University of Wisconsin, the psychology professor who conducted one of these studies, charges that his research was "misused" by the antiporn activists. "If you take the violent content out of pornographic films and leave only the explicit sex, there is no effect [on men's attitudes toward

women]," he says. "It's the violence, whether connected with sex or not, that results in a desensitizing to violence."

Mayor Donald Fraser of Minneapolis had the common sense to see through Dworkin's transparent attack on a basic American freedom. He vetoed his city's ordinance

as a violation of the First Amendment guarantee of free speech. Refusing to give up, supporters next took the antiporn plan to Indianapolis, where Mayor Richard Hudnut III enthusiastically signed it into law. An appeal and an injunction against the statute quickly followed; its Constitutionality may ultimately be decided by the U.S. Supreme Court.

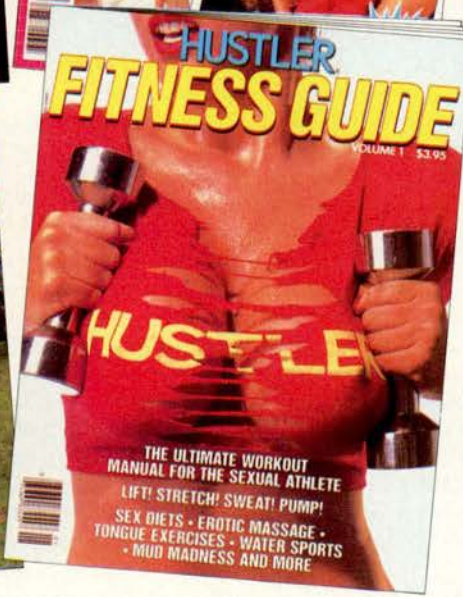
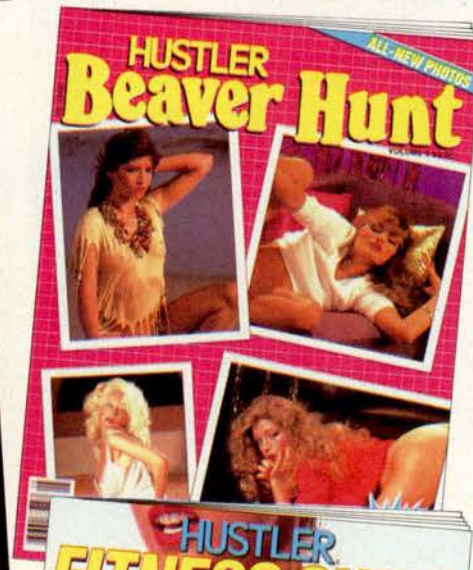
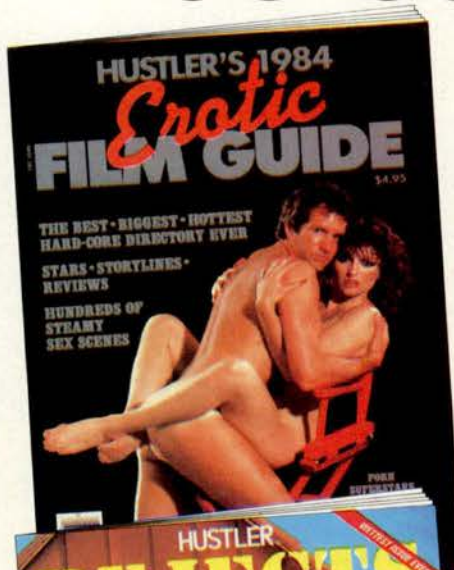
As a longtime champion of equal rights, I'm sickened by the fraudulent feminist/conservative crusade to link frank sexuality with violent acts against women. That's pure bullshit. Countries with tough laws against pornography—the Soviet Union, for example—report high levels of sexual assault. But rape is less frequent in Scandinavia and Western Europe, where sexually explicit material is tolerated rather than condemned. Even President Richard M. Nixon's 1970 Commission on Pornography and Obscenity concluded there was *no* evidence that "exposure to explicit sexual materials plays a significant role in causing delinquent or criminal behavior among youth or adults."

Despite the facts, high-ranking politicians in Detroit, Michigan, Madison, Wisconsin, and Wichita, Kansas, have expressed interest in Dworkin's dwarf-brained proposal. That isn't surprising. This is an election year, and vote-hungry candidates will jump on any bandwagon to proclaim their "morality." Some confused magazine distributors and dealers may knuckle under to such phony pressure groups and temporarily take publications like HUSTLER off the newsstands. I want to tell them personally that the tactics of these bluenosed conservatives and misguided feminists may *seem* like a new wrinkle, but their game is as old as civilization itself. As long as I have the Constitutional right to publish HUSTLER, I'll do everything in my power to expose them for what they really are: political fascists who ultimately want to dictate what you read, hear, see and think.

Publisher & Editor



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Francesca Garrett

**T**his month's **HUSTLER** is crammed so full of sizzling photos—55 full-color pages of the wildest wide-open women ever to display their wares in front of the camera—that it's nearly bursting out of its staples. But that's only the bare beginning. Also on tap are some of the most provocative articles we've ever published—revealing the sinister secrets behind two of America's most trusted institutions: science and free enterprise.

In **THE HORROR OF ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION** hard-hitting **HUSTLER** reporter **FRANCESCA GARRETT** explores the gruesome practices taking place in our nation's research labs. Every day 200,000 dogs, cats, rabbits, monkeys and other creatures are tortured in the name of medical science—a mass mutilation that is inhuman and completely unnecessary. Accompanied by frightening photos—and a horrifying illustration by award-winner **JOHN ANDREWS**—this exposé will turn your stomach . . . and wrench your heart.

Can one organization have too much power over our lives? In **BAD COMPANY: THE BECHTEL CORPORATION** Senior Staff Writer **GLENN HUNTER** scrutinizes the clandestine dealings of the giant firm, which is run by an elite group of right-wing fat cats with questionable links to the CIA and the White House. This multi-tentacled conglomerate has manipulated foreign governments, raped the environment and ripped off workers, but what's worse is that Bechtel's greed could be leading us headlong into World War III. The thought-provoking collages for Hunter's report were created by our newest discovery, **LOU BEACH**, a talented artist who has done record-album covers for such performers as the Flying Burrito Brothers, Weather Report, David Sanborn and the Carpenters. He has also designed a T-shirt for the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art and is making music videos for MTV.

Exclusively for **HUSTLER** readers, we've commissioned **ASLAN**, France's premier pinup artist, to put seven celebrity faces between the luscious tummies and legs of some of our most exquisite models. Mr. T, Abe Lincoln, Kirk Douglas, Fidel Castro, Willie Nelson, Wolfman Jack and our own Larry Flynt are the lucky **SEVEN PUBLIC FIGURES**. "I feel a woman's body is the perfect canvas to paint on," declared Aslan in his Paris studio. "If you make a mistake, you can just wipe it off." We flew our Director of Photography, **JAMES BAES**, back to his native land to work with the painter, and he somehow squeezed in enough time to snap a typically provocative layout of our beautiful French Canadian centerfold, **HELENE: HOT SEAT**, between his sessions with Aslan.

In our *Guest Editorial* **FRANCIS BAUMLI**, a forceful advocate of men's rights, speaks out against court-ordered deballing of convicted rapists in **CASTRATION BY DECREE?** A Ph.D. who lives in Missouri and works as a medical consultant and therapist, Baumli feels that this harsh sentence is not only blood-thirsty, but also ineffective in preventing further rapes. After all, the attacker is still armed with the original weapon—his penis.

Sexual extremism is also the topic of two other regular features this month. For *Sex Play*, **KEITH SIKES** examines the terrible problems faced by a person who can't get enough sex. His revealing look at **SEX ADDICTS** delves into the troubled lives of members of Sexaholics Anonymous, an organization for those who just can't keep it down. Author Sikes was last heard from in the pages of our sister magazine **CHIC** with his September '84 *Dope* column, "Fentanyl: Legal Heroin?"

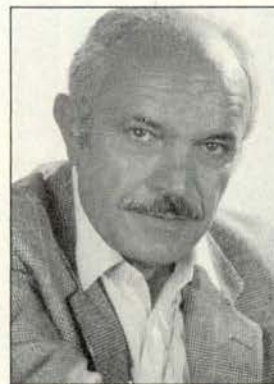
In this month's *Kinky Korner*, restaurant critic **LETTIE LOWELL** tells how her gourmet tastes became so insatiable that she felt compelled to commit **THE GREAT SPERM-BANK ROBBERY**.

Staff photographers **MATTI KLATT** and **CLIVE McLEAN** serve up a couple of mouthwatering dishes so hot, you can almost taste them. And Dutchman **FRIEDJOF VERSNEL** gives us a futuristic look at modern love with **LASER LUST**, a high-tech pictorial that's got to be one of our most illuminating ever. Versnel's photographs have been displayed in some of Europe's finest museums.

As always, there is the wise and witty **DEAR GRANNY**, the brutally honest **WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN** and the outrageously tasteless **BITS AND PIECES**—including a special parody, "Fredrick's of El Salvador," put together by our resident group of loonies **RALPH FOWLER**, **KEN DeMARTINES** and **LONN M. FRIEND**. Combine all of this with the raunchiest cartoons ever to bust a gut, and you'll see why we're not boasting when we say that **HUSTLER** is the most entertaining, outspoken and irreverent magazine in the universe. 🍌



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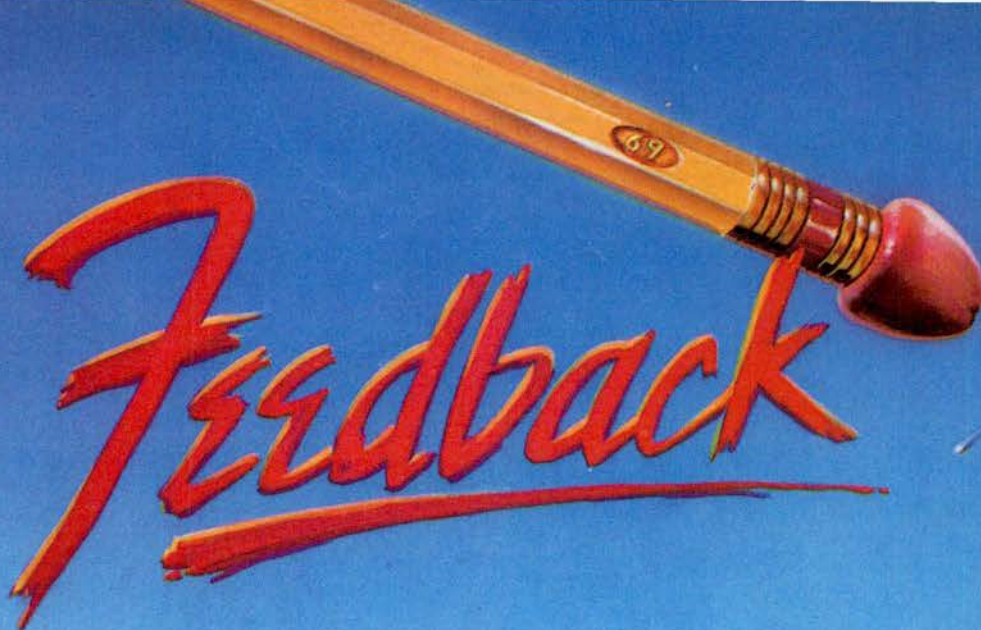
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### PORN & VIOLENCE:

I have read the *Publisher's Statement* "Pornography and Violence" which appeared in the August '84 issue of HUSTLER. It contains defamatory and slanderous accusations. I expect an immediate retraction, or I will seek legal counsel to determine the extent of my rights which I intend to protect. Thank you.

—Judith A. Reisman, Ph.D.

Project Director  
Pornography, Sexual Exploitation  
and Juvenile Delinquency  
Washington, D.C.

*We looked all through our well-thumbed copy of Webster's unabridged dictionary, but the word defamatory wasn't listed anywhere. It figures that someone in charge of pissing away almost \$800,000 of the taxpayers' money on a lamebrain attempt to link pornography with sexual violence and juvenile crime would have trouble using the English language correctly. HUSTLER stands behind Larry Flynt's Publisher's Statement.*

I am writing in reaction to your August '84 *Publisher's Statement*, "Pornography and Violence." Way to go, Larry! Government spending on such research is truly a waste of money.

It really ticks me off to find that I break my back eight hours a day, five days a week, to finance research that I could care less about. I join you in a good ol' fuck-you to that priss-ass bitch, Judith Reisman, and the entire collection of fatass politicians who spend too much time fingering their assholes searching for more shit to throw in the taxpayers' laps.

—Greg Stockhard  
Gloversville, New York

I've always considered it a shame that Larry Flynt was shot in the belly, not his head. After reading his August '84 *Publisher's Statement*, "Pornography and Violence," I believe he is suffering from

brain damage or possibly has been sitting on whatever gray matter he possesses. I'd never buy your worthless magazine. Someone gave me a copy because I was short on toilet paper! —Harold G. Annis  
South Bend, Indiana

*A letter like yours makes us wonder if Annis is an Americanized version of the Greek family name Anus.*

I'd like to comment on your *Publisher's Statement* "Pornography and Violence." I agree totally with Larry Flynt. What kind of assholes are wasting money on something that has already been proved?

—Ron Porzio  
Golden's Bridge, New York

### RIDING SHOTGUN:

I am proud to be a gun owner—not because I champion right-wing, conserva-



Lorelei: Riding Shotgun

tive causes but because I feel it is every American's right to own one to protect himself and to be a hunter if he desires. I also feel every American should be able to read what he or she chooses, including HUSTLER Magazine. So Lorelei: Riding Shotgun (August '84) really grabbed my trigger—and my balls. She's my kind of game.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

### JESSE HELMS:

Your magazine will do the American people a great service if you would stop taking light, ineffective punches at Senator Jesse A. Helms (R-North Carolina) and start working to help defeat the political bastard and a few others of his ilk in the upcoming November elections.

One way to force Helms's retirement is with humor and satire—but without obscenities. What you said could then be reprinted in a daily newspaper or family magazine.

—Mickey Colbert  
High Point, North Carolina

*We'll fight Jesse Helms in our own outspoken way. That's why we've named him November's Asshole of the Month (see page 19).*

### RICHARD CALIGUIRI:

Your Asshole of the Month for August '84, Richard Caliguiri, is a real asshole in my book too. I live just outside of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and your May '84 Easter edition was pulled off the shelves here as well before I could pick up a copy.



Since Caliguiri can't stop the selling of what he calls a "distasteful" magazine, why not re-issue it for those of us who unfortunately missed it because of Asshole Caliguiri?

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

To get a copy of the May '84 HUSTLER, turn to our back-issues ad on page 120.

I had to obtain your address from a library because I do not read the type of trash you publish, but I decided it was important for you and for your readers to know that many of the decent people of Pittsburgh support Mayor Richard Caliguiri in his fight against your magazine. We are very proud of the stand he took against the Easter-theme issue.

It is time for you to realize that the Moral Majority exists, and while we may be silent most of the time, we speak out when something important happens. The law may be on your side, but what you are doing is equivalent to pandering to the baser instincts of man. We cannot possibly impose good taste on people such as you, but we can voice our disapproval.

—Betty Tarantino  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

*It's distressing that some people favor censorship on the part of self-serving politicians like Richard Caliguiri, who was named an*

*Asshole for barring the sale of our May issue in the Steel City. We'd like to point out that many decent people in Pittsburgh and throughout western Pennsylvania read and enjoy the "trash" we publish.*

#### MOTOR CITY ASSHOLES:

I appreciated your naming auto executives Roger B. Smith and Philip Caldwell as Co-Assholes of the Month (September '84). However, I feel you only touched the main point—that these guys are awarding themselves huge bonuses while enjoying government-coerced import quotas against Japanese cars.

The big losers in all of this are, of course, the American consumers, who are forced to purchase shoddily built and artificially expensive American automobiles because the United States government doesn't allow them to buy the cars they want (Japanese). It's just another screw-job on the American public.

—Bill Benton  
Bethesda, Maryland

#### SMOKING FORUM:

After reading your August '84 *Guest Editorial*, "Death by Nicotine," by Dr. David J. Fletcher, I'd like to say this: Nonsmokers, speak up. Let it be known that you do not want to be exposed to the smoke that could cripple you and shorten your life. Tell the smoker that you want to live and

enjoy life and that you do not want to watch him agonize and slowly rot away and die either.

—Sandy Park-Burkett  
Washington, Indiana

I am writing in regard to your August '84 *Guest Editorial*, "Death by Nicotine." I am a smoker, and I enjoy it. If I didn't, I wouldn't smoke cigarettes. But I am sick and tired of having people complain about us smokers all the time. If it's bad for my health, then I think it's my business and no one else's.

All you hear anymore is nonsmokers' rights. Well, what about us smokers' rights. I talked to an insurance broker recently, and he said if I didn't smoke, my premiums would be lower. Well, hurrah for nonsmokers; they get cheaper rates.

All this talk about cigarette ads makes people go out and buy a pack. What about those dumb TV commercials in which a woman chews a stick of gum and turns into Miss Universe or chews bubblegum, blows a bubble and flies around? Should I go out and buy that brand of gum? If I'm that dumb to fall for ads which say I'll look great and can fly, I deserve the dentist bill I'd have after believing that commercial. But the government doesn't complain about chewing-gum ads.

—Jo Ann Reffitt  
Arcadia, Michigan

I really love your takeoffs on cigarette ads, and I was wondering if you've ever thought of putting together a special edition with every one you've printed over the years. Or better yet, maybe a calendar with a different picture every month.

Unfortunately, I'm a heavy smoker who'd really love to quit. If I could surround myself with your antismoking messages, maybe it would help me and others who'd like to kick the habit or at least think twice about lighting up that next cigarette.

—Out of Breath  
Hazleton, Pennsylvania

*In our October '84 issue we reprinted ten of our antismoking messages in Choke on It: HUSTLER vs. the Cigarette Industry.*

#### SKIN TRADE:

Sincere thanks for your September '84 interview *Marlene: Adventures in the Skin Trade*. It seemed refreshingly candid and emotionally honest, as only hookers can be. I'll take an honest "working girl" over a hypocritical housewife, debutante or career woman every time.

—Nuke Fodder and Friends  
Dulac, Louisiana

#### JESSE JACKSON:

After reading your article *Jesse Jackson: At the End of His Rainbow?* (July '84), an unquenched fire inside me burned even



"Okay, Mom and Dad . . . just for the sake of argument, let's say I have tried a drug or two. . . ."







hotter. I'm a white American who has served in the U.S. Army for almost four years now, and I'm proud to say I'd stand by the sides of many brothers till the end. But Jackson says shit like "I'm sick and tired of hearing about the Holocaust." And he's crying about black slavery, which happened long before Hitler's Holocaust.

Who the hell does Jackson think he is? And he calls himself a preacher?! I wonder what side he's really on. Heaven or hell? Hell is probably the most likely candidate. Good job, HUSTLER!

—Michael Green  
APO, New York

#### MOTORCYCLE GANGS:

My man and I ride a Harley-Davidson motorcycle on weekends and long Alaskan nights for the sheer joy of it. We don't belong to any motorcycle gang, but we wear leather clothes to keep ourselves warm and for protection in case of accidents.

Thanks to your article *Outlaw Bikers: Wheeling & Dealing* (July '84), we'll have to dodge every "good" citizen on the road who in his stupid little brain sees all Harley riders as "scooter trash." Thanks for painting a target on my back. I wish you the same!

—Name Withheld by Request  
Palmer, Alaska

#### REST IN PEACE, SHAUNA:

I just want to thank you for *Death of a Covergirl*, your tribute to porn star Colleen Applegate a/k/a Shauna Grant (September '84). I'd also like to thank Colleen for the enjoyment I've gotten from her movies. There's something about them that takes them one step beyond pornography. They have class.

Thank you, HUSTLER, and thank you, Colleen—who's truly the Marilyn Monroe of the 1980s.

—Kenneth Grossman  
Address Withheld by Request

I'd like to comment on *Death of a Covergirl*. I've seen many movies with Shauna Grant. The girl was dynamite-looking but didn't belong in porn films. Her acting ability wasn't all that great, and at times she looked really out of place.

Still, her great looks and sweet innocence are real turn-ons. It's a damn shame, though, that her too-short life had to end on such a sad and tragic note. Her story will probably make a great motion picture. Thanks, HUSTLER, for keeping your readers informed of this horrible and needless tragedy.

—Michael Sullivan  
New Castle, Pennsylvania

#### HIGH BALLIN':

Your *High Ballin'* pictorial (August '84) was the greatest. The two blond girls are

fabulous. I'd love to lick the cunts of those two beauties, especially both of them at the same time. Keep up the good work.

—Stanley H. Griffin  
Key West, Florida

#### SERVICE WITH A SMILE:

In your July '84 issue you hit the jackpot with a photo-set titled *Service With a Smile*. The dark-haired girl of the pair surely has one of the fairest asses to ever adorn a pisspot (or the glossy pages of HUSTLER).

—H. D. J.  
Newark, New Jersey

#### NOT TASTELESS:

This is in response to a letter printed in your August '84 *Feedback* section from Soupie Soulfire ("Faithful Malcontent"). I disagree with him. He has his opinion, and I have mine. HUSTLER isn't tasteless, your stories are very interesting and entertaining, and I certainly don't think your photo-sets are tasteless.

In short, HUSTLER Magazine isn't "pure bullshit" and is worth every cent I pay for it. If Soupie thinks it's so tasteless and full of BS, why does he buy it?

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

Maybe he just wanted to have his letter published in *Feedback*.

#### BLACK & WHITE FEEDBACK:

This is the first time I have ever sent any magazine a letter, but I just had to. I love HUSTLER. I know that a lot of people write to you, saying how they get offended. Well, fuck 'em up the ass if they can't take a joke.

I'm black, and I have never been offended by your black jokes or any of your other material. I think the jokes (all of them) are great. I especially like *Chester the Molester*. One more thing: How about reprinting your first few issues and putting them on sale again?

—S. B.  
Los Angeles, California

A good supply of HUSTLER's first editions are available by mail order from Flynt Subscription Company Inc. Check out our ad on page 120.

#### HUSTLER THERAPY:

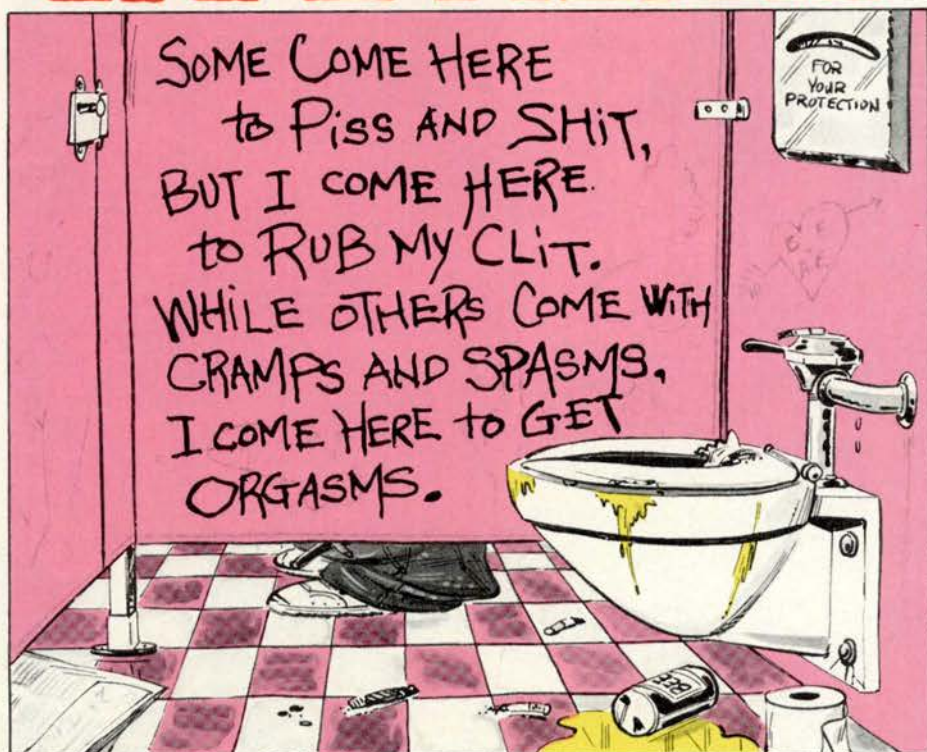
My wife was so frigid before I subscribed to HUSTLER that I tried to talk her into wife-swapping so someone else could go without sex for the night. Now I have something to read instead. Thank you, HUSTLER.

—J. W.  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to *Feedback*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

NOVEMBER HUSTLER

# GRAFFILTHY



Thanx and \$25 to D.M., Deer Park, New York



# WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN



## Potomac Lowdown

### A Phony White House Letter and Hookers Who Do It Better

Here's an old joke with a new twist. Circulating around the White House recently were photocopies of the following phony letter:



THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

7 February 1984

Dear John:

Nancy and I hope you are making good progress in your recovery from the mental problem that made you try to assassinate me. The staff of St. Elizabeth's Hospital tell me you are doing just fine.

I have decided to seek a second term in office and I hope I can count on your support and the support of your fine parents.

I hold no grudge against you John, and I hope that if there is anything you need there at the hospital, you will let me know.

By the way, did you know that Walter Mondale has been fucking Jodie Foster?

Sincerely,

*Ron*

Ron

Mr. John Hinckley  
St. Elizabeth's Hospital  
Washington, D.C.

One letter Ronald Reagan really did receive not long ago was a recruitment pitch from the U.S. Marines. "Take an honest look at your life and ask yourself if you're satisfied," advised the message. Reagan wrote back to Corps Commandant General Paul Kelley, "Nancy is happy with the house, and I am totally satisfied with my job." He asked for a deferment until 1989.

\* \* \*

Part-time, she models nude for sculpture students at a Washington art gallery. During the day she works as a secretary in a large real-estate firm. But several nights a week a 23-year-old blonde with an

angel's face entertains influential men in bed. She is part of a \$500-a-night callgirl ring operating near Washington's National Airport in suburban Virginia.

Big-money lobbyists and Pentagon contractors on the banks of the Potomac don't bother with streetwalkers or outcall massage services. These days it's in vogue to hire young, preppy-looking women supplied by a former New York madam known to her clients only as Ruby.

Forget the old-style hooker who faked an orgasm and checked her watch. Ruby chooses her women because they are well-spoken and presentable at Congressional receptions. Their lingerie is silk, their drink of choice is Dom Perignon champagne at \$100 a bottle, and they are practiced in the art of seduction. These ladies of the evening are especially appreciated by lobbyists because they can be introduced to a congressman as a friend—and when he winds up in bed with one of them, the lucky guy doesn't know he's with a pro.

The blonde who doubles as a sculptor's model uses her outside earnings to indulge her taste in art and designer clothes. The daughter of a very proper Georgia family, she is frank about her motives: "I like fucking smart, well-connected men, and I'm very acquisitive. I like the finer things in life. Ruby makes me feel secure.

I go out only when I feel like it—I don't wear a beeper and run from hotel room to hotel room all week."

In fact, she meets many of her clients at airline terminals, which is why she and so many of her colleagues live in luxury apartments near the Crystal City complex that overlooks National Airport. "A congressman can claim he's leaving town a day earlier than he really is or come home a day earlier than expected," she explains. "He spends that extra night in my bed."

And sometimes, if a lobbyist is paying for the romp, the congressman simply thinks he's met a "nice" girl.

\* \* \*

Remember the scandal surrounding



Political bedfellow Liz Ray, the "clerk who couldn't type," shows why she's a Washington monument.

former Congressman Wayne Hays (D-Ohio) and Elizabeth Ray—his clerk who couldn't type but more than made up for this deficiency in bed? The girl who later bared it all in HUSTLER (September 1976) recently filmed a television commercial for the *Washington Times*—a paper owned by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church—that features her sliding into the driver's seat of a new silver Mercedes. Wearing a slinky silk dress and a sexy smile, Ray asks the immortal question: "How can I afford a car like this on a government clerk's salary?" One logical response might be the familiar Bob Dylan lyric—*The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind.*

\* \* \*

Last summer, Congressman Gerry Studds (D-Massachusetts) admitted he romanced a young male Congressional page, but that didn't stop him from seeking reelection. A primary opponent, Sheriff Peter Flynn of Plymouth, made no secret about his disgust for gays—which had the sheriff's supporters proclaiming, "This is one Peter Studds won't lick."

\* \* \*

Washington Redskins quarterback Joe Theismann has left his wife of 13 years and their three children. Living at home didn't let him spend enough time with his girlfriend of the past year, Cathy Lee (*That's Incredible!*) Crosby.

(For future *Washington Daisy Chain* columns, HUSTLER will pay \$1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by HUSTLER.)



# EROTICA'S BIGGEST NIGHT!

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BRIDGETTE MONET

RICHARD PACHECO

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OF THE YEAR!"

THE 8<sup>TH</sup>

# EROTIC FILM

# Awards



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# DEAR GRANNY

**G**ot a problem? You need some advice but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle—your girl and your best friend or your girlfriend and man's best friend—no problem! *Dear Granny* has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you—and probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe to: *Dear Granny*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

## DEAR GRANNY:

I've got a big problem that started when I had this great affair with an older woman—a *much* older woman. She was 79, and I'm 21. She was the best piece of ass I've ever had. Even though she wouldn't give head, her cunt was real tight, and her poop chute was out of this world. Anyway, she died not long ago, and now I don't know what to do with myself. I find I'm only attracted to much older ladies, especially those who still have shapely asses and legs. I'd like to know how to go about meeting some of them. Any suggestions?  
—Gigolo  
Brooklyn, New York

*Dear Gigolo:* So you fucked one old broad to death, and now you want to do the same to another, eh? Great! I like a man who can appreciate the finer things in life. Of course, I'd give you my phone number, but I'm still too young for you. Why don't you try doing some volunteer work for a senior-citizens organization or getting a job with the Social Security Administration? And if that doesn't sound like your cup of tea, I'll bet the girls down at the local rest home could use a stud like you.

## DEAR GRANNY:

I want to introduce ice cream into my sex life, but I'm afraid my boyfriend will think I'm too kinky if I suggest to him that we put some on his balls and have me lick it off. He's sort of on the conservative side. How can I put some sweet stuff into our sweet stuff?  
—Creamy Delight  
Buffalo, New York

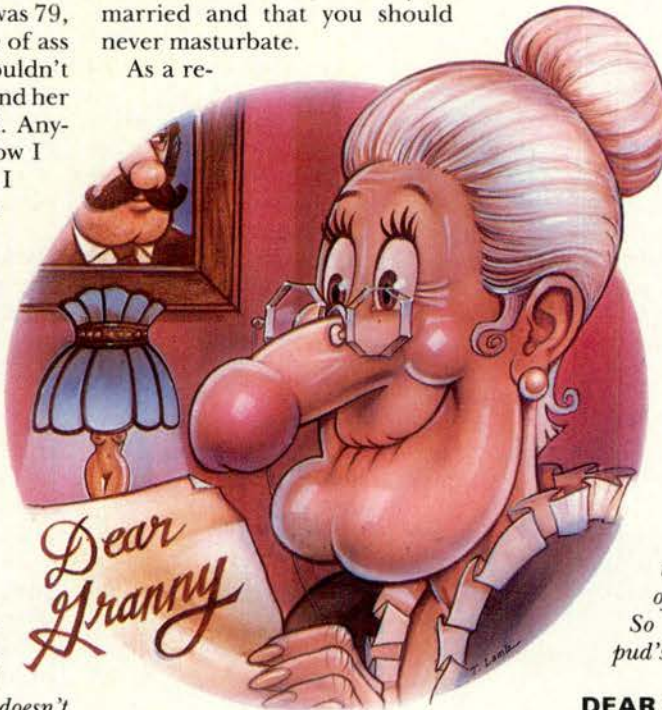
*Dear Creamy:* Why not try a threesome with the Good Humor Man? I've always favored the subtle approach myself. Try bringing a bowl of your favorite flavor to bed with you one night as a midnight snack. While your boyfriend is reading his copy of *National Review*, you can "accidentally" spill some of the stuff on his crotch. Tell him that it was the last ice cream in the house and that you don't want to waste it. Then bend over and go for it! Once you get your mouth around his cock, I'm sure he'll put his magazine down and voice no ob-

jections to your supposed "kink." One bit of advice: Vanilla, chocolate and strawberry are fine, but *never* use Rocky Road.

## DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a healthy 24-year-old heterosexual male with a serious problem I haven't seen discussed much in your column. I was raised in a very strict Catholic environment—mass every Sunday, 12 years of parochial school and no open discussions about sex. The only things I can remember my parents telling me about the facts of life were that it's a sin to have intercourse unless you're married and that you should never masturbate.

As a re-



sult of this, I have been guilt-ridden all my life. It took me until I was 17 to be able to jerk off, and only recently could I do it without feeling shame. I still haven't had sexual relations with a woman. Even though I'd like to, I get a gut feeling that holds me back every time I think about it. How do I go about relieving this?

—Guilt-Ridden  
Bellflower, California

*Dear Guilt:* Try confession. Seriously, honey, this sounds like a job for your friendly neighborhood shrink; they thrive on other people's guilt. Be prepared to do some serious soul-searching—and start reading sex manuals so that once you're ready for love, you'll know all the ins and outs.

## DEAR GRANNY:

I'm an 18-year-old woman, and I've had so many lovers, I can't count them. I've been married, but that didn't work out, and now I'm engaged to marry another man when the divorce is finalized. We've

been living together for six months, and during that time I've had four lovers other than him. Granny, is there something wrong with me? It's not as if my fiancé and I don't have enough sex—in fact, we fuck about twice a day. Why can't I stay loyal to one man?  
—So Many Men . . .  
Indianapolis, Indiana

*Dear Many:* Sweetheart, you seem about as ready for marriage as I am for running the high hurdles in the 1988 Olympics. Why are you in such a hurry to tie the knot again? Give yourself time to grow up and get all those men out of your system—literally—before settling down with that one special guy. My guess is that you haven't met Mr. Right yet—and won't for a few more years. Try living alone for a change, but buy yourself a king-size bed. It sounds as if you're going to need it.

## DEAR GRANNY:

I pull very hard when I jerk off, and I recently had a hernia. Is it possible to get a hernia from masturbating?  
—Self-Abused  
Providence, Rhode Island

*Dear Self-Abused:* Not unless you're getting jacked off by an elephant. There are a dozen or more ways to get a hernia—most commonly by lifting something too heavy—but beating off isn't one of them, no matter how hard you pull. So yank away to your heart's—and pud's—content.

## DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a 21-year-old girl who's living with a 32-year-old guy. Our problem is that I like to get fucked every night, while he only likes to make love a couple of times a week. He thinks I'm a sex maniac. Is there something wrong with me for wanting to have sex so often? And how can we solve this dilemma?  
—More . . . More  
Beawick, Maine

*Dear More:* I know several hundred guys who'd just love to meet you. But seriously, sweetie, everyone has a different idea of what the right amount of sex is. You and your boyfriend both have "normal" sex drives. Whatever's comfortable for you is perfectly okay. I suggest that you and your man sit down together, have a long talk and work out a compromise—say, every other night. For those in-between times buy yourself some playthings. In some cases, dildos—not diamonds—are a girl's best friend.

## DEAR GRANNY:

I am writing to you in desperation. I'm a 35-year-old housewife who's been mar-



ried for three years. Although I love my husband dearly, our lovemaking simply doesn't satisfy me. My husband is a very sexy and horny guy, but when it comes to getting down, we just play around for a few minutes, he gets inside me, and in a matter of seconds it's all over.

Needless to say, I'm still frustrated afterward. But once my husband gets his rocks off, he either climbs out of bed and goes about his business or just rolls over and goes to sleep, leaving me to fend for myself. When I tell him I didn't come, he doesn't seem to care. I've tried talking to him at length and holding out on him, but neither has worked. It's getting harder and harder to keep calm about this, and I'm tired of going to sleep unfulfilled. What can I do?

—Restless  
Phoenix, Arizona

*Dear Restless: Buy a very large, very loud vibrator and keep him awake all night while you diddle yourself. Your husband sounds to me as if he has all the sensitivity of an ice cube. If you've already had a long talk and he won't listen, it's time to think about seeing a sex therapist together. If he won't go for that, it's time to start thinking about somebody else.*

#### DEAR GRANNY:

I'm sure this is one of the most unusual problems you've ever encountered. At least my girlfriend thinks so. For as long

as I can remember, the female foot has been my biggest turn-on. I'm especially attracted to feet wrapped in nylon stockings. My sweetheart has the cutest feet in the world, and when I catch a glimpse of her toes wiggling inside a pair of smoke-black hose, I go out of my mind!

I often sneak into her room when she's not there just to search out and sniff a freshly worn sock, stocking or shoe. But one night she caught me with my nose buried in a pair of her nylons. She was totally disgusted and said, "My feet sweat all day, and *that's* what you want to get next to? You're sick!"

Granny, do you think I'm sick? Besides pussy, I think feet are the most sensual parts of a woman's body. —Heart 'n' Soles  
Los Angeles, California

*Dear Heart: My weird Uncle Al had a thing for elbows all his life, and nobody batted an eyelash. You're just an old-fashioned foot fetishist—with a better-than-average nose for toes. Believe it or not, guys like you are as common as corns; so I wouldn't worry. What you need is a girlfriend with an open mind who doesn't put her foot down when it comes to having it fondled.*

#### DEAR GRANNY:

Sex turns me off. It makes me nervous, and sometimes it actually hurts. I've been married for two years, and this is interfer-

ing with my marriage. My husband is handsome, well-built and well-hung, in addition to being kind and good-natured. What more could a girl want?

Unfortunately, I think of him more as a brother than a husband. He can tell I don't enjoy his lovemaking, and it bothers him very much. Now he wants me to see a doctor or a shrink about the problem. Writing to you is cheaper; so I hope you can come up with an answer.

—Florida Frigidaira  
Miami, Florida

*Dear Frig: You're wrong, honey—I don't come cheap. With the right guy I'll come for nothing! But don't be pussy-wise and pound-foolish. Only a qualified sex therapist can give you the advice you need, and that costs money. Consult your family doctor about finding a good therapist. The counselor will probably want to see your husband too. That may take more time and more bucks—but the result could be a lifetime of red-hot fucks!*

#### DEAR GRANNY:

Do aphrodisiacs cause birth defects? I would honestly like to know. I'm talking about the kind sold in those mail-order ads, like Spanish fly. —Slipped a Mickey  
Utica, New York

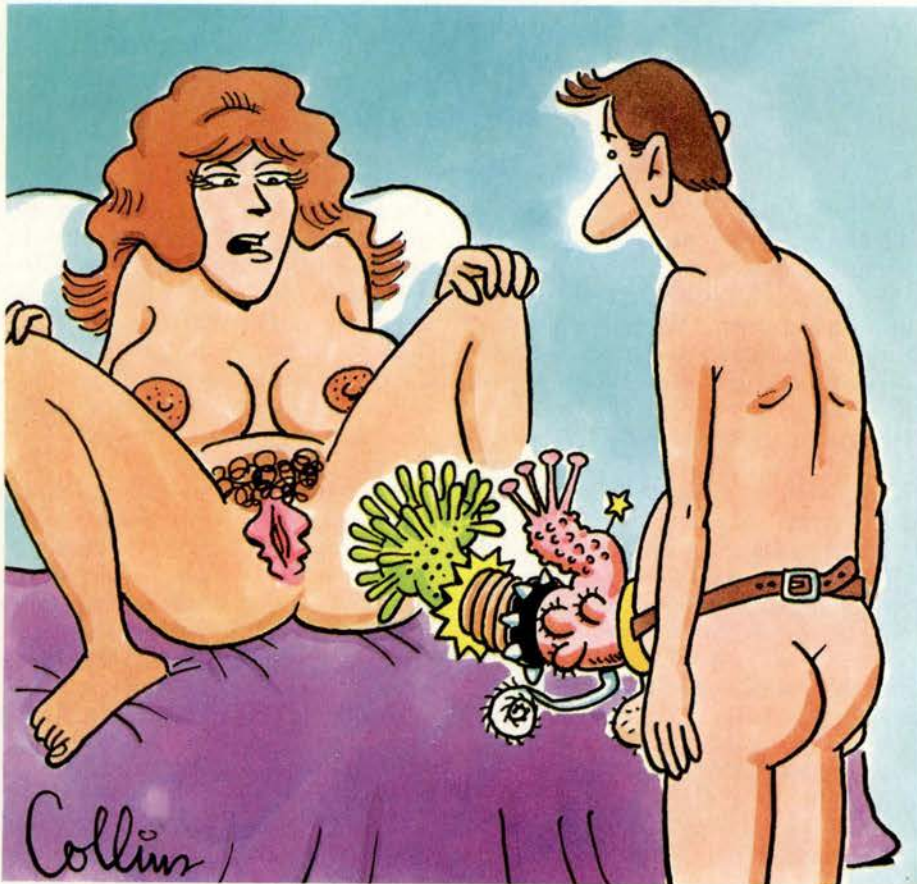
*Dear Slipped: I wouldn't advise you to use Spanish fly even if you're not pregnant. It's been known to kill people. But you don't have to worry about most of the so-called love potions that are sold through the mail; they won't even make you horny. As for what I consider real aphrodisiacs (moonlight, champagne, soft music), they can only contribute to making healthy babies . . . and plenty of them.*

#### DEAR GRANNY:

After our second child was born, I had a vasectomy. Ten months later my wife presented me with a beautiful baby boy. I love my son dearly, but what went wrong? Don't vasectomies always work? Or should I suspect my wife of cheating on me?

—Surprised  
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

*Dear Surprised: In this case, you probably didn't clean your leftovers out. That's right—after a vasectomy operation some sperm still remains in the prostate and must be evacuated before you're safe from parenthood. Although the tubes that carry sperm into the prostate gland were sealed during the operation, it would have taken about 20 ejaculations to expel all the sperm that was in the gland already. After you've had your tubes tied, at least two consecutive sperm counts must show your semen to be free of sperm before you can be sure you won't father a child. But look on the bright side. Now when Father's Day comes around, you'll get three hideous neckties instead of just two!*



"I don't care what the ad said—you're not sticking that thing in me!"



# FARTS and PINKIES

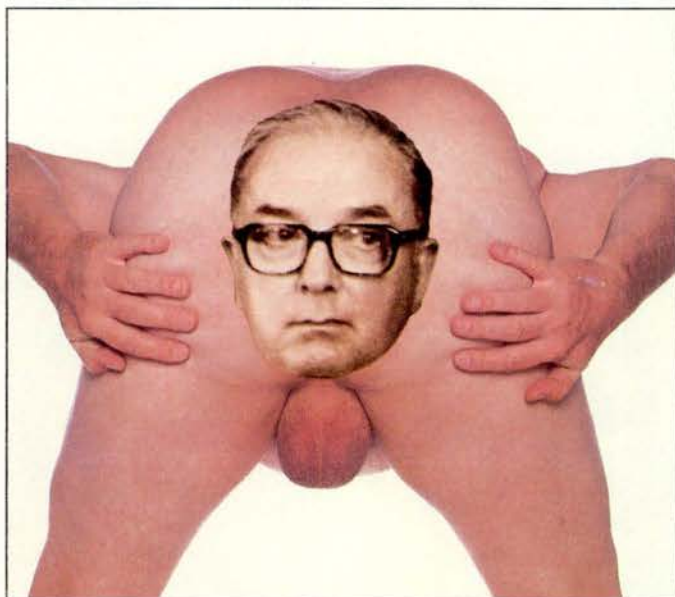
## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Considering radical right-wing Senator Jesse A. Helms's long history of repressive stands on issues that affect our basic freedoms, it's hard to believe that he's escaped being named Asshole of the Month until now. But that oversight is easily remedied—especially in light of his sewer-level campaign tactics and slander aimed at popular two-term Governor Jim Hunt, his opponent in North Carolina's hotly contested U.S. Senate race.

Hoping to demolish the moderate Democrat by character assassination, Helms's campaign advertising depicts Hunt as conspiring with "perverts," homosexual-rights groups, blacks and labor unions (North Carolina is one of the least unionized states). Then, a rabidly pro-Helms weekly newspaper—the *North Carolina Landmark Limited*—published wild rumors charging that Hunt had once molested a young boy. The *Landmark* soon issued a retraction stating that it did not claim the charge was true or "factual in any way." Could Helms's henchmen be connected to this slur? It's certainly a question that begs an answer.

Dirty tricks like these are business as usual for Helms. He cut his teeth on gutter politics nearly 35 years ago by assisting openly racist Senate candidate Willis Smith in a campaign that set a new low for below-the-belt viciousness. "White People Wake Up Before It's Too Late—You May Not Have Another Chance," read one Smith campaign poster, which went on to say that the opponent was in favor of the "mingling of the races," while Helms's candidate pledged to

### Senator Jesse Helms



maintain the Jim Crow traditions of the Old South. When Smith was elected, he rewarded Helms by putting him on the payroll.

In later years, after being elected to the Senate himself, Helms emerged as a leading spokesman for the lunatic right-wing. To this end he created the National Congressional Club, a slick mail-order organization dedicated to the defeat of *any* politician across the nation who opposes his extremist views. The NCC successfully plays on people's darkest prejudices, fears and ignorance to raise millions of dollars for Helms's so-called holy war against integration, safety in the workplace, environ-

mental protection, fair housing, women's rights and—particularly—abortion.

If this darling of the Moral Majority had his way, abortions would be forbidden for any reason (even for rape victims and cases in which the mother's life is endangered). And there would be forced prayer in public schools—a clear violation of the First Amendment, which guarantees protection from having someone else's religious beliefs crammed down our throats.

This shameless hypocrite may claim to be staunchly pro-life; however, when it serves his political purposes, he is flagrantly pro-death. The U.S. Surgeon General

calls cigarette smoking "the single most preventable cause of death," but Helms never loses sight of the fact that tobacco is a big cash crop in his state and one of its major industries. And although he consistently votes against federal "hand-outs" such as food stamps—which help to feed hungry children—he is first in line with his palm extended when it comes to multimillion-dollar federal subsidies for North Carolina's tobacco growers (one of whom is his wife).

His clumsy attempts to meddle in foreign policy are both laughable and embarrassing. Sending staff members to London to lobby against black rule in segregated, far-off Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) was bad enough. But vigorously supporting Salvadoran rightist butcher Roberto D'Aubuisson—who has been linked to his war-ravaged nation's death squads and a plot to assassinate the U.S. ambassador—really proves that it pays to be ignorant. To this day Helms stoutly maintains that D'Aubuisson is "someone who openly espouses the principles of the Republican Party of the United States"—a disturbing comparison.

Despite his hypocrisy, lies, racism, underhanded campaign tactics and repressive moralism, Republican colleagues and the White House are in no hurry to censure or condemn Helms. So it's up to the straight-thinking people of North Carolina to decide his fate. We wouldn't dream of telling anyone how to vote. But some things—like Jesse A. (for Asshole) Helms's record of venom and hatred—speak for themselves.

### FARTS IN THE WIND

Even though right-wing tobacco lobbyist Jesse Helms took "top" honors this month, other individuals and groups are worthy of mention on this page. They are November's Farts in the Wind.

The **MISS AMERICA PAGEANT**, that bastion of decency and tradition, showed its true colors by asking Vanessa

Williams to relinquish her crown as Miss America 1984 when it was learned that she had posed for explicit nude photos, which were later published in *Penthouse* magazine. If sex isn't an integral part of the beauty-contest business, we're the mouthpiece of the Moral Majority.

**FRANK FAHRENKOPF JR.** must have a head made of stone. The Republican

Party national chairman feels Ronald Reagan's accomplishments make him an ideal candidate to have his likeness chiseled onto Mount Rushmore next to those of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. "I can't think of any President more deserving of someday joining those other four Presidents on that monument," Fahrenkopf stated recently. We can.

**CONGRESSMAN TOM CORCORAN** (R-Illinois) feels that postal rates should be revised because, in his words, "it is three times more expensive to mail a one-pound Bible to Aunt Minnie in Chicago from Washington than it is to send a copy of *HUSTLER* Magazine the same distance." Doesn't the esteemed legislator know that *HUSTLER* is at least three times more informative and arousing than the Good Book?



## Tartan Tidbits

**M**ove over, McDonald's! Watch out, Burger King! The ever-ingenious Scots have decided to try their hand at the fast-food business with the Haggis-in-the-Baggis restaurant chain.

Only the most choice, succulent intestines, lungs, brains and hearts are wrapped in steaming sheep stomachs and served fresh

from the oven. It's like having a bit of old Scotland, hot and heaping right in your neighborhood.

So the next time you have a craving for bile and bagpipes, drive through Haggis-in-the-Baggis and order one of their McDoogle Supremes. It's a messy meal that'll be havin' you doin' the fling—all the way to the nearest barf bag.



## Nine Years Ago In HUSTLER



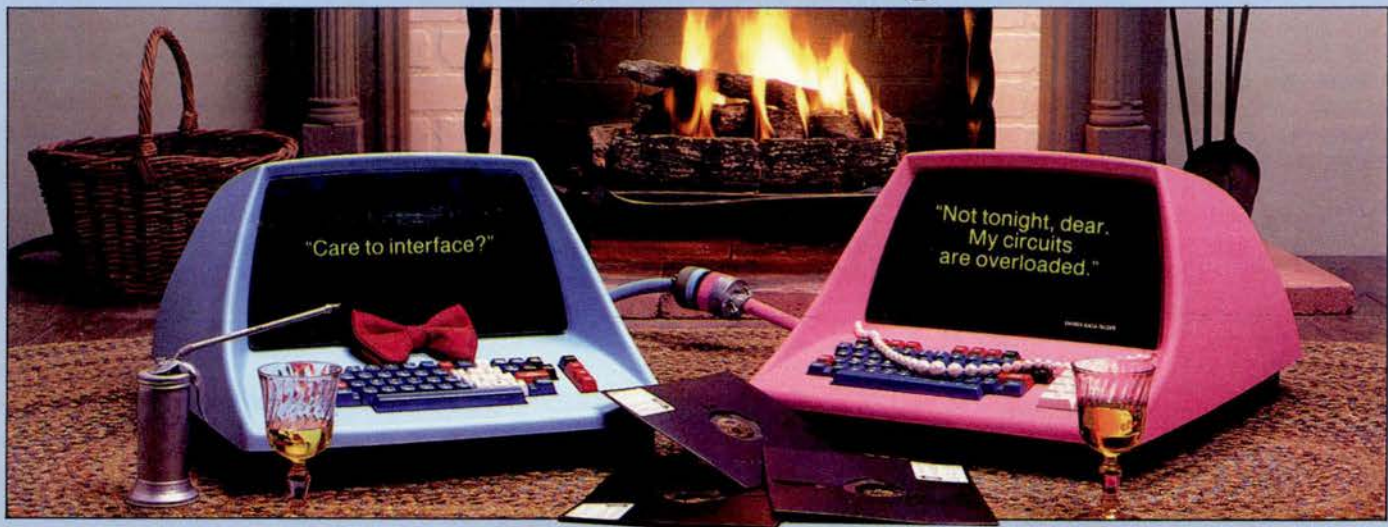
**W**e've never been afraid to let it all hang out, as this "spread" from the November '75 issue makes clear. Although beautiful girls are our stock in trade, we have always made it a point to champion personal preference. Everybody has his own idea of what's sexy,

and who are we to dictate anyone else's tastes—even a taste for hot lard?

Inspired by the above photo, we again put our fat in the fire seven years later by introducing *Lulu*, our August '82 centerfold, who was worth more than her weight in pink.



## Computer Dating





**I**t's not easy squeezing money out of the federal government, but we've got a sure-fire way to make welfare clerks think you're worse off than you are. The Wash 'n' Wear Welfare

Costume will make you look, feel and smell like the lazy, degenerate, pathetic excuse for an American you really are. And with the money you get, you can go out and buy some *decent* clothes.



**T**urned on by bears in heat? Fat mamas? Transvestites? Or just looking for new ways to tie up the old lady? Check out a copy of **HUSTLER KINKY SEX** and discover everything you've always wanted to know about the bizarre and the beautiful. It's filled with

far-out articles, weird cartoons and wild photos. So head to your local newsstand—or send \$3.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling to Flynt Subscription Company Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944). It's a publication you'll have to handle with black-kid leather gloves.

We're very pleased to see that the tobacco companies are finally putting a little truth in their advertising. Although the use of chew is on the rise, so is the incidence of oral cancer, pharyngeal cancer, tooth loss and gum disease.

Fortunately, the makers of Dead Man Chewing Tobacco don't pussyfoot around. They feel that if you're man enough to put the disgusting stuff in your mouth—and kill your social life in the process—you're also man enough to know the deadly consequences. Just a load of leaf between cheek and gum, and you're on your way to the morgue. And the taste? It's absolute heaven.





## Yellow Journalism

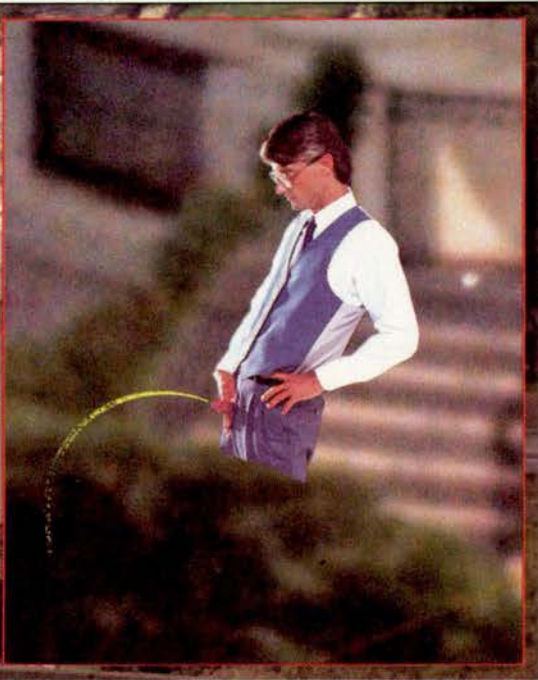
**L**ook out, Woodward and Bernstein! HUSTLER's hard-nosed Washington reporters have stumbled upon the

biggest White House leak since Watergate. Photographed on the very steps of the East Portico, our secret Presidential aide—known

only as Deep Squirt—has been spilling it all to HUSTLER.

Every last drop of inside information has been made available to us. Although this highly sensitive material could stain the rep-

utations of some of America's highest-ranking government officials, we're going to go with the flow and publish it anyway. After all, you can't just piss away an opportunity like this one.



## Porn From the Past



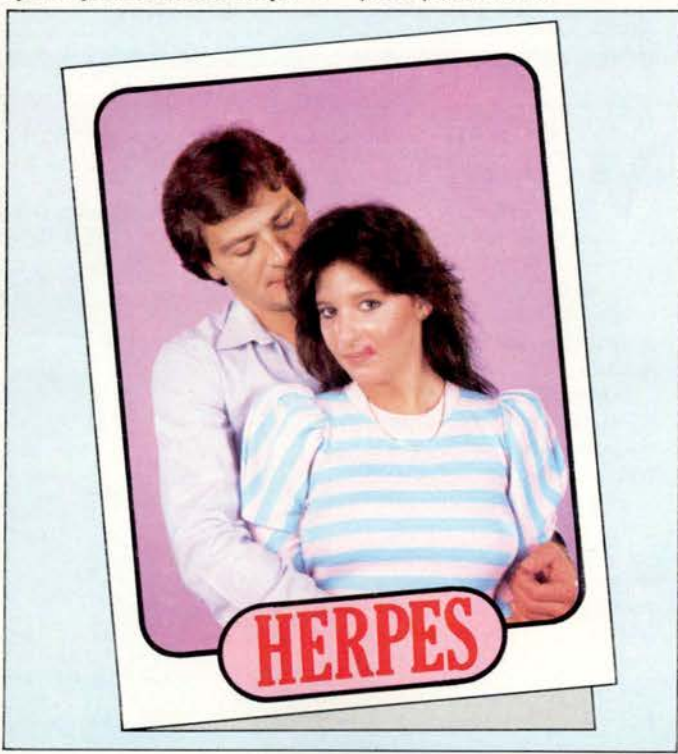
**N**o, this is not Al Pacino's mother singing a lullaby to her youthful son back in their flat on New York's Lower East Side. Nor is it a photo of an early Werner von Braun experiment in rocket propulsion. It is, in fact, a shot of Mildred and Ir-

ving Lipschitz playing the obscure game of Hide the Salami. Irving is losing. If you'd like to make an easy \$150, mail your old dirty pix to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

## Comes in an Envelope

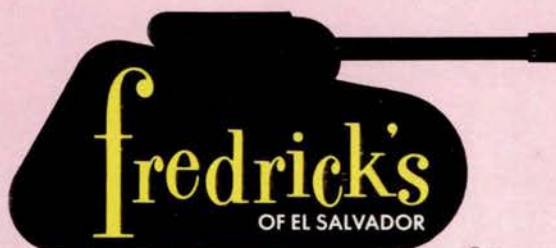
**E**ver been tongue-tied around someone you really care about? Now there's a greeting card for that special person when a simple "I

love you" just won't do. "Herpes—the gift that keeps on giving," reads the touching message inside. Kind of brings a tear to your eye, doesn't it?





# A Catalog We'd Like to See\*



## Wardrobe for the War Zone

### COMBAT SWIMSUIT

Why not look *trés chic* in your new two-piece battle-tested bikini while you're fastening a limpet mine to the hull of an invading sub? The durable acrylic material is not only waterproof, but blood, urine, sweat, Mace and acid-rain proof. \$39.95 (necklace-antenna not included).



### BOMBSHELL BABY DOLL

The mosquitoes won't be the only thing biting once you don this *apres-battle* offering. Relax among the glowing shrapnel and burnt corpses in the most comfortable loungewear Fredrick's has ever created. \$34.95 (helmet not included).



### BULLETPROOF BODICE

This incomparable evening ensemble will keep your partner's rocket armed and ready. Khaki garter and designer M-16 fishnet stockings complete an enticing outfit that will make you the hit of the DMZ. \$69.95 for all three pieces.



### STEALTH GOWN

This stunning nightie doubles as an extremely sensitive radar-cloaking device designed to keep you safe while you're taking it from behind—behind enemy lines. It's the ultimate '80s infiltrationwear. \$49.95 (pistol not included).

Send orders to Fredrick's of El Salvador, c/o Central Intelligence Agency, Washington, D.C. 20905

All sales final. Absolutely no refunds for battle-damaged merchandise.

\*AD PARODY—NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

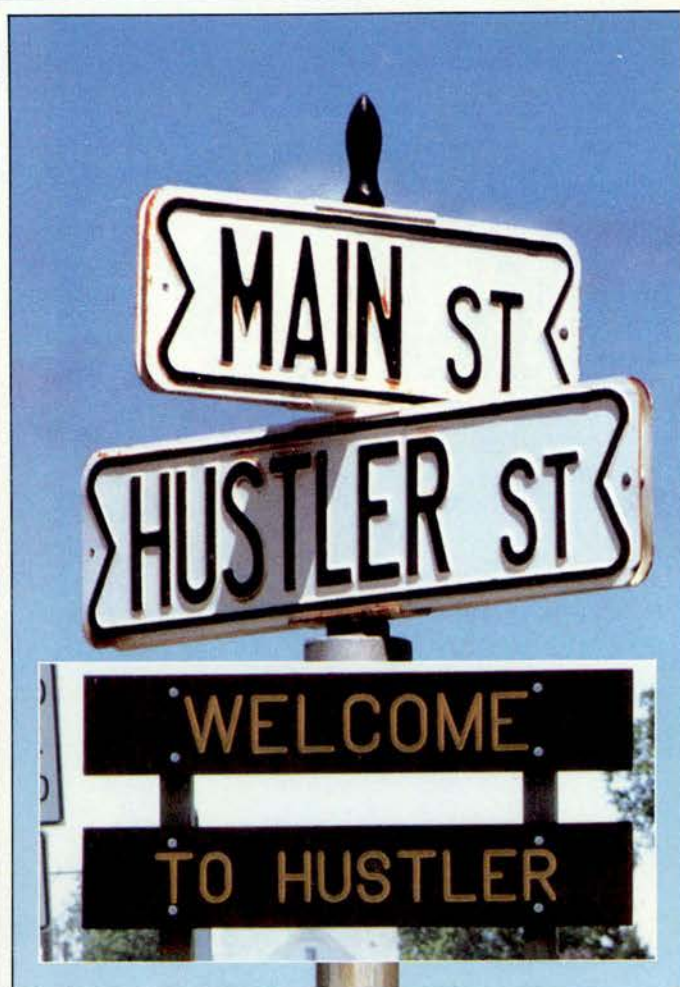
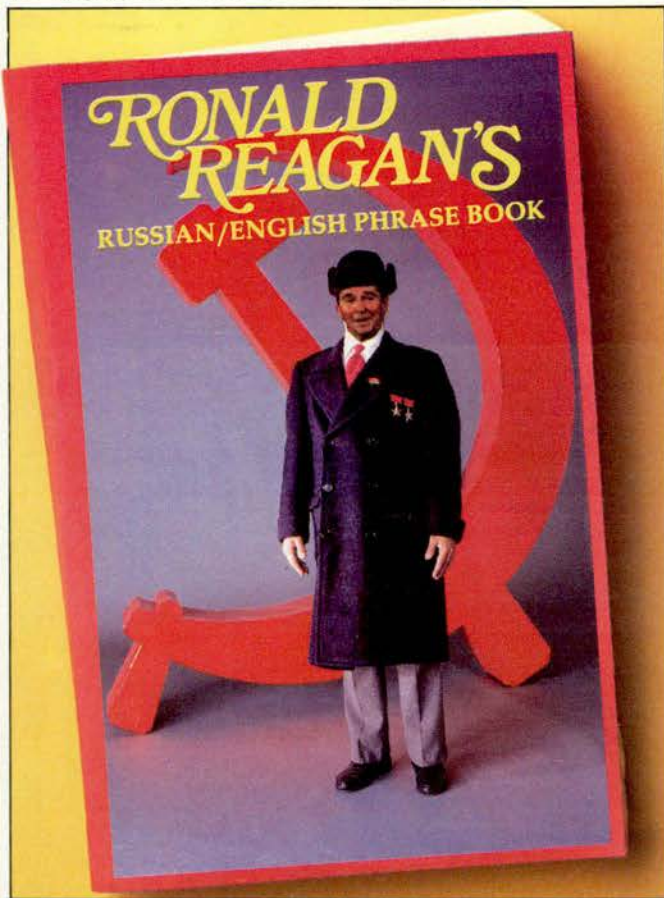


## Well Red

Everyone's aware that America and Soviet leaders get along these days about as well as plump mon-gooses and deadly cobras. So if you and the rest of the bowling league are thinking about taking one of those two-week tours to Russkiland, here's how to speak the language just the way our

President secretly wishes he could.

With the handy *Ronald Reagan Russian/English Phrase Book* you'll learn the translations for such expressions as "Kiss my Yankee ass, pinko bastard," "Lenin was a faggot," "Suck my samovar, vodka breath" and our favorite—"Fuck your hairy-assed mother!" The hell with detente; say what you feel.



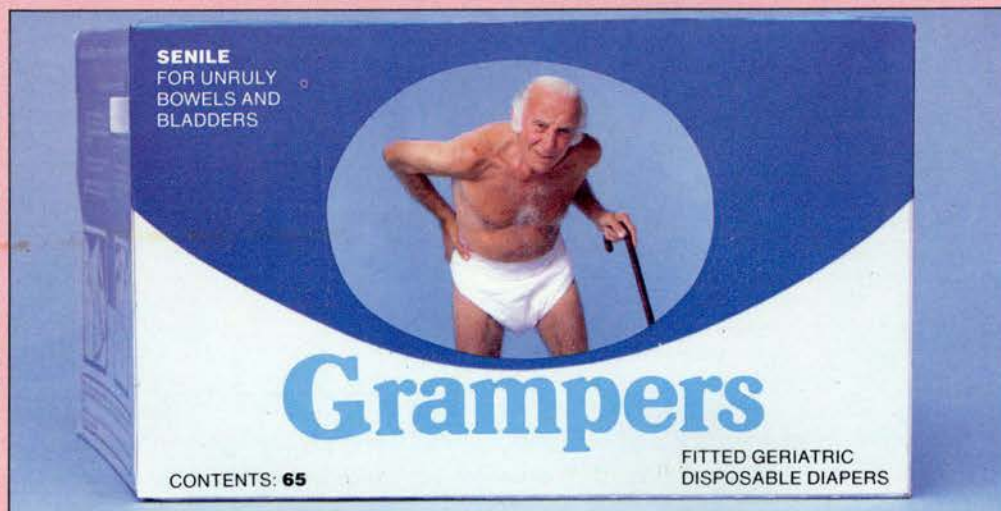
## Flyntville USA

We don't believe it, but Larry Flynt swears this is his adopted hometown. He claims that the main square is painted pink and that the high-school mascot is a beaver. Our dedicated Research De-

partment has discovered that Hustler is actually a small community in Wisconsin, and according to a reader, half the citizens haven't even heard of our magazine, let alone of Larry. Now, that we *really* can't believe.

## Second Childhood

Granddad getting along in years? Starting to lose control? Now you don't have to be embarrassed when you take him out in public. Disposable Grampers, the senior-citizen diapers, fit snugly and have Velcro fasteners to ensure they stay on all day—even if the old coot is fiddling with his useless wank. And best of all, when they're smelly and soiled, you can just flush them away! Pick up a box of Grampers today. They're the next best thing to a colostomy bag.





2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

November 1984

## STICKY BUSINESS

Paris, France—A French widow recently went to court to recover semen deposited in a sperm bank by her late husband so that she could try to conceive a child. The 23-year-old woman, Corinne Parpapllaix, said she had a moral and legal claim to have her hus-

band's baby. But the sperm bank refused to surrender the specimen. "Who owns it?" asked the widow's lawyer. A court finally decided that *she* did—but we can't help wondering if it had to call in an expert from Bordeaux to taste the vintage.

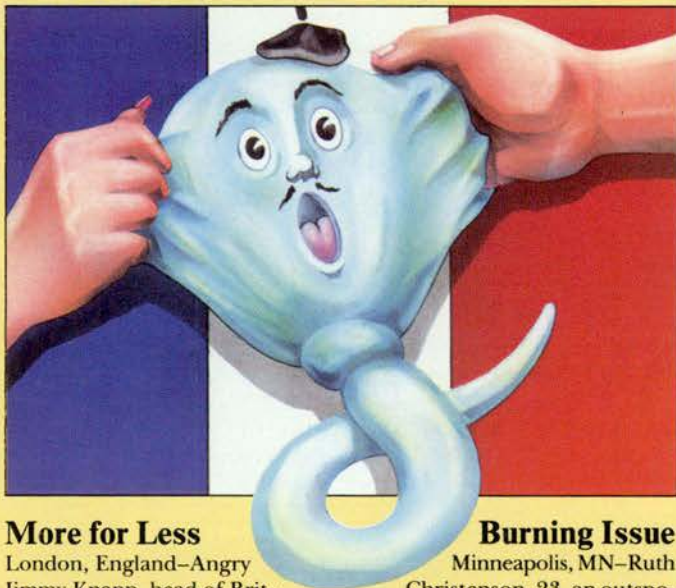


ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE STERLING

### More for Less

London, England—Angry Jimmy Knapp, head of Britain's National Union of Railworkers, has blown the whistle on a proposed pay raise that one hotel offered waitresses represented by the union. The women were going to be given an extra \$4.50 a week—provided that they agreed to wear see-through blouses and no bras. Knapp says the union would never expose its members to such transparent degradation.

### Looking for Love in All the Weird Places

Montreal, Quebec, Canada—A man who placed a personal ad in the *Montreal Gazette* was looking for a very special lady. The ad read: "Retired accordion repairman wants a strong girl to share newly acquired aardvark farm in New Zealand. Ph.D. in animal husbandry an asset. Must be good mah-jongg player, drink beer and enjoy yodeling." Obviously, this is either a man with a good sense of humor or some bizarre fetishes worthy of *Kinky Korner*.

### Burning Issue

Minneapolis, MN—Ruth Christenson, 23, an outspoken feminist, set herself afire in a bookstore after writing letters to city officials protesting the sale of pornography. Christenson felt she couldn't live in a society that degraded her as "a piece of meat." We've heard of people getting hot from erotic pictures, but this is going too far.

### It's a Small-Minded World

Santa Ana, CA—Even the late Walt Disney couldn't help! Although the name of the Magic Kingdom's patron saint was invoked in court by Disneyland President Richard Nunis, the amusement park was forced to overturn its controversial ban against members of the same sex dancing together. According to the judge, the rule violated the civil rights of two men who were dragged off a Disneyland dance floor four years ago. Nunis claimed that Walt himself implemented the ban to maintain "the wholesome family atmosphere" at the park.

## PANDA PEEVES

Washington, DC—An organization of feminist panda lovers is protesting the National Zoo's encouragement of male giant panda Hsing-Hsing's constant sexual harassment of his female counterpart, Ling-Ling. Elizabeth Irvine, the group's spokeswoman, claims that Ling-Ling is being raped. "Her life has been hell for the past ten years," says Irvine. "Believe me." We don't know when the feminist last had sex, but until she's had a panda-fuck, she should speak for herself.



ILLUSTRATION BY FRANCISCO JUAREZ

### The Way We Weren't

Salt Lake City, UT—A former Miss Wyoming, Joyce McKinney, has been arrested for harassing a Mormon missionary she was accused of kidnapping and raping seven years ago in England. In response to the charge, her lawyer admitted that McKinney was in-

deed stalking her victim again with a gun. "I think her interest in him is a matter of nostalgia, if anything at all," he said, adding that the ex-beauty queen was only following the man around "for old time's sake." You know what they say: Old flames never die; they just get blown away.

## NO RUBBERS

Charleston, WV—First the oil companies got rid of free maps. Now comes the unkindest cut, back of all—no rubbers. H. F. Opperman, district sales manager for Exxon in West Virginia, got gas-station owners' balls in an uproar when he sent letters advising them that selling

condoms in restroom vending machines was a lease violation and in poor taste. Claiming that easy availability of these 50¢ contraceptives was good for business, many owners objected—in vain. Look for a population explosion among Exxon customers in the next nine months.



ILLUSTRATION BY FRANCISCO JUAREZ



## Lather Up

**W**hat do you mean you're not enthusiastic about shampooing your dirty hair with a substance resembling a runny, blood-mucous pudding? Well, get used to it because human placenta, better known as "afterbirth," can now

be found in everything from face cream to body lotion to—that's right—shampoo! According to news reports, this gelatinous gunk is just loaded with protein and has about 135 uses in modern medical science. So be kind to your next bottle of shampoo—it may have been somebody's mother. . . .



## A Royal Flush

**W**e've heard of eating rich food, but this is ridiculous! The reader who sent in this photo is either fabulously wealthy or certifiably insane. Why would anyone throw

away a couple of hundred dollars just to get his picture in HUSTLER? There are *easier* ways. This guy must have put his money where his mouth was—and it came out the other end.

## Snow Job

**Y**ou don't have to see the recent big-budget crime movie *Scarface* to know just how rampant cocaine trafficking is in southern Florida. A quick peek at the evening news will tell you that everyone and his sweet-looking blue-haired grandmother is smuggling the precious white stuff from South America; and these new would-be drug kingpins aren't too subtle about it either. Caught between a rock and a hard place, local drug-enforcement officials are often unable to do anything more than sweep up after the criminals. As one anonymous Miami vice officer said while reaching for a tissue, "It's getting so bad down here (sniff), all you have to do is face upwind and inhale." Obviously, a white Christmas is coming early to that part of the country.





## Also-Rans on Rerun

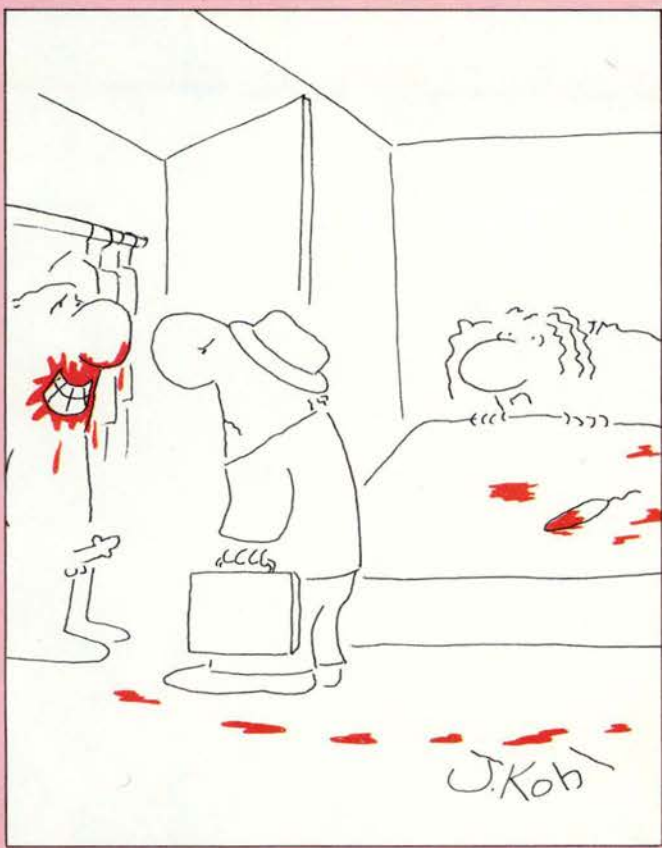
**E**ven though they lost their bids for the Democratic Presidential nomination, Gary Hart and Jesse Jackson are still hot items. According to Hollywood insiders, a major network has offered them millions to star in a new TV series about a pair of undercover cops who infiltrate the crime-infested streets of Washington, D.C., disguised in a different costume each week.

Titled *Hart and Soul*, the show will feature Gary as a well-educated detective and Jesse as his jive-talking simian sidekick. Ronald Reagan has been cast as a guest villain bent on destroying civilization as we know it by being elected to a second term.

And what does Walter Mondale think of this? A source says that should the Democrat lose in November, he's expressed interest in hosting a cartoon series based on the movie *Fritz the Cat*.



## Most Tasteless Cartoon



## HUSTLER Update

### THE BENDECTIN CONSPIRACY June '82

Our exposé revealed the tragic facts behind this antinausea drug, regularly prescribed to pregnant women despite evidence that it caused horrible birth defects. No less than 678 mothers of deformed children sued Merrell Dow, the company that marketed the drug. While still insisting that Bendectin is harmless, Merrell Dow is now offering to settle the cases out of court for \$120 million. That would be the third-largest damage settlement in U.S. legal history. Many believe the firm agreed to the payments to avoid court proceedings which would have *proven* that Bendectin causes birth defects.



### MASS MURDER IN ATLANTA: IS THE WRONG MAN IN JAIL? April '83

In 1981 Wayne Williams was arrested for the murders of 28 black children in Atlanta, Georgia, but later only charged and convicted in the deaths of two adults. In this excerpt from his book *The List*, Chet Dettlinger, a former assistant to Atlanta's police chief, revealed that the murders continued *after* Williams's arrest and that the manhunt was a bungled operation which ignored important facts about the crimes. Now the whole country will be able to learn the truth. CBS is currently producing a TV movie about the murders—with Dettlinger as its chief consultant.



### Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted *Bits and Pieces* item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For November, \$150 goes to John Coston and John C. McGrew. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.



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CEXH



# EROTIC HUSTLER

## Entertainment

### X-RATED FILMS, FUCK BOOKS AND MORE

## X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

### Public Affairs

*Three-Quarters Erect.* Produced by Joyce Snyder; written by Henri Pachard and Joyce Snyder; directed by Henri Pachard; starring Paul Thomas, Annette Haven, Annette Heinz, Joey Silvera, Kelly Nichols, R. Bolla, Chelsea Blake and George Payne. Running time: 83 minutes.

This film is only a pubic hair's breadth away from a Fully Erect rating. Unfortunately, it's a little



Sleazeball politician Paul Thomas takes a firm stand in 'Public Affairs.'

short on sex, and much of the hard-core action is shadowy and difficult to see. In all other respects *Public Affairs* is a winner. Distinguished adult-film maker Henri Pachard has created one of the most realistic, natural and relevant pictures ever to grace the blue screen. The acting is excellent throughout (this is easily Paul Thomas's finest performance), the script and dialogue are intelligent and clever, and the photography and art direction are first-rate.

*Public Affairs* is a dark comedy about politics and hypocrisy, about how men sexually use and abuse women and about how—and why—women accept such treatment. Nicholas Stern (Thomas) is the front-runner in a U.S. Senate race. Publicly a crusader for women's rights, in private he sees females only as sex objects for his personal gratification. One victim of Thomas's double standard is a starry-eyed campaign worker (Annette Heinz) who will do anything for her candidate—suck him off when he demands it or let him butt-fuck her although she hates it. She even allows him to have another girl eat her out at a party for a big campaign contributor.





'Public Affairs': Activist Chelsea Blake presents her credentials to candidate Thomas.

But when Thomas announces his engagement to a society woman just before the election, the broken-hearted Heinz seeks revenge. Her plan to expose him is thwarted, but Thomas ultimately brings about his own downfall. During a sexual tryst in his campaign vehicle with a former girlfriend (Kelly Nichols), he accidentally switches on the PA system. The raunchy language that punctuates their heated fucking is broadcast to the streets of Manhattan—and to a crowd of disillusioned supporters.

There's not much tenderness in this production, but then there's not much tenderness in the world of politics either. With the aid of an exceptionally talented cast, Pachard has managed to capture the emotional indifference of powerful men toward the women who serve and service

them. (One superb moment: As R. Bolla forcefully thrusts his cock into wife Kelly Nichols's mouth, she spots another woman's false fingernail caught in his pubic hair.)

This expertly crafted adult picture is a devastating comment on the ugly side of politics. It's perfect for people who demand more from their sexual entertainment than airheaded bimbos balling mindless studs.

—D. O.



## Erotic Radio WSEX

*Three-Quarters Erect. Produced and written by Bob Augustus and B. Beachmeister; directed by Bob Augustus; starring Herschel Savage, Renee Summers, Kay Parker, Desiree Lane, Ron Jeremy, Randy West, Bunny Bleu, Tanya Lawson, Jesse Adam, Scott Irish and Becky Savage. Running time: 85 minutes.*

The first half of *Erotic Radio WSEX* is so good, you'll think you're in for one of those rare events in porn: a humorous, thinking, feeling fuck film. When the story peters out about halfway through, you realize all you're getting is a fuck film... but it's fuck with a capital F. The producers had the good sense to remember the prime ingredient of an erotic movie, and they supplied enough sex to keep the pecker stiff and the mind from wandering.

The story focuses on three sexually frustrated wives (Renee Summers, Desiree Lane and Tanya Lawson) whose husbands (Ron Jeremy, Jesse Adam and Scott Irish) take them for granted: The men hang out at topless bars after work, have sex with other women and are then either too

exhausted to make love to their wives or just get it over with as fast as they can.

One morning, smooth-talking radio deejay Peter Abbott (Herschel Savage)—who dispenses advice to horny housewives as well as playing music—has sexologist Dr. Clarissa Redbone (Kay Parker) on his program. All the wives listen to the show, and Parker's discussion of masturbation fantasies prompts some superhot sex scenes.

Lane imagines she's making it with the stud who cleans her pool (Randy West); and Lawson—in one of the film's funniest and sexiest scenes—dreams about fucking two burglars in her home. The discussion also prompts Savage to unleash his magic tongue on Parker's clit, bringing her off while they're on the air. She returns the favor by



Sugarplum Renee Summers gets off listening in 'Erotic Radio WSEX.'

giving him the blowjob of a lifetime, delighting the listeners but outraging the sponsor and the station manager, who fires him.

From this point on the story begins to sag and doesn't live up to its initial promise. But the day—and the film—are ultimately saved by sexual gusto. After the wayward husbands ball a few chicks and Summers gets laid on the sleazy deejay's pool table, everyone lives more or less happily ever after.

There are some wonderful performances in *Erotic Radio WSEX*, notably Herschel Savage and the insatiable Kay Parker as the oral-action duo of the airwaves. But the real pud-pleaser is Tanya Lawson, an accomplished cum-swallow who radiates star quality. She's a breath of fresh air in the stale world of whiny porn starlets. Funny, believable, warm



Four horny honeys surround Herschel Savage in 'Erotic Radio WSEX.'

and natural, Lawson also has a great body, is sexually uninhibited and is obviously destined for the Cocksuckers Hall of Fame.

*Erotic Radio* is a good-natured spoof of suburban living that delivers 50,000 watts of sex. Tune in and turn on.

—D. O.



## All the Way In

*Half Erect. Produced by Gabriel Lobo and Robert Garcia; written by Gabriel Lobo and Roland LeMorris; directed by Bob Chinn; starring Candy Samples, Martina, Mai Lin, Eric Edwards, Ron Jeremy, Tanya Lawson, David Morris, Pat Romano, Francois, Shanna McCullough, Mike Horner and Annette Linder. Running time: 84 minutes.*

Candy Samples, the Grandma of Soft-Core, has finally plunged into feature-length hard-core films. Candy's loyal fans will cream their jeans over her feature debut, but the more discriminating may find the experience tedious. *All the Way In* has a good look to it and boasts a cast of dazzling sexual performers. But lifeless direction numbs the actors to such an extent that the film has a



'All the Way In' features Candy Samples and her earthshaking 48Es.



Porn superstar Annette Haven and friend steam things up in 'Public Affairs.'





Firecracker sex duo Ron Jeremy and Tanya Lawson live up 'All the Way In.'

mournful, funereal quality, and many of the sex scenes come off as merely humdrum rather than the sizzling rod-raisers they might otherwise have been.

Here's what happens: Mammoth-breasted Candy Keen (Samples) writes a column on sex fantasies for *Ultra Flesh* magazine. On a recent personal appearance tour she fell in love with a gent named Pat (Pat Romano). Candy's in a funk because she somehow never got his name and has lost touch with him.

But suddenly there's an additional concern: Publishing magnate P. J. Corona has bought *Ultra Flesh*, and the employees are afraid they'll lose their jobs. Even though there's a rumor afloat that Corona is wild about Candy, she decides to resign in order to search for Pat. Well, you certainly don't need a brain as large as Candy's left boob to figure out that Pat is none other than P. J. Corona himself.

Their reunion is something to behold: Candy's fans are sure to pop their rocks at the sight of her fucking, sucking and smearing cum over those mighty mammaries. But of all the sex scenes, the liveliest and most engaging is a snappy encounter between Ron Jeremy and sassy Tanya Lawson in which he fast-talks his way into her snatch. This is the type of energy the rest of the film needed to pull it out of the doldrums. —D. O.

## Sex Play

*Half Erect. Produced by Harold Lime; written by Harold Lime Jr.; directed by Robert McCallum; starring Eric Edwards, Kay Parker, Richard Pacheco, Laurie Smith, Kimberly Carson, Lisa Lake, Danica*

*Rae, Herschel Savage, Paul Thomas, Desiree Lane, Angelica Dunlap and Mark Wallace. Running time: 87 minutes.*

Harold Lime is one of porn's most revered names: *The Ecstasy Girls*, *Society Affairs* and *Desires Within Young Girls* are only three of the many top-notch crotch-



Private dick Richard Pacheco checks out Angelica Dunlap and Desiree Lane in 'Play.'

poppers that have benefited from his guiding hand. With *Sex Play*, however, Lime has given us a lemon. It starts off with a bang—the high-energy opening fuck scene between porn cupcake Laurie Smith and Mark Wallace is so hot, it'll singe the hairs off your balls. But the astonishingly boring 20-minute wait for another sex scene plunges this movie into a slump it doesn't pull out of until the end.

The plot revolves around screen heartthrob Jeff Justice (Eric Edwards), three of his bimbo fans (Smith, Lisa Lake and Danica Rae), his secretary (Kimberly Carson), a nosy gossip columnist (Kay Parker) and a detective (Richard Pacheco). The bimbos want to seduce their idol, the columnist wants to check out the rumor that this modern-day Valentino can't get a hard-on, and the

detective has been hired to keep Parker at bay. Miffed at her boss's rudeness, the secretary conspires with Parker to expose Edwards's shameful secret.

The three fans turn up at Edwards's door and try their damndest to get him hard; but nothing works. Fortunately for Lake and Rae, two of the star's friends (Herschel Savage and Paul Thomas) just happen to drop by and are more than willing to relieve the horny girls' sexual tension.

When Desiree Lane and Angelica Dunlap arrive looking for Savage and Thomas (who have just left with Lake and Rae), they find Edwards tied to his bed, where Lake has left him. You really get the feeling that what this film needs is a traffic cop after Carson turns up with Parker and Pacheco (who quietly slips into a scorching threesome with Lane and Dunlap). Carson then restores Edwards's virility.

Despite a clumsy plot, *Sex Play*

does have some good moments: Pacheco getting his tool lapped by Dunlap and Lane is one, and the Parker/Pacheco sweat-soaked motel-room hump will put a bulge in your boxers. But overall, it looks more like a collection of conventional porn loops than the witty sex farce it wants to be. —D. O.



'Sex Play': Kay Parker urges Richard Pacheco onward and upward.

# ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

## Fully Erect

Alexandra  
Dixie Ray-Hollywood Star  
Every Woman Has a Fantasy  
Firestorm  
Fleshdance  
Golden Girls  
Hot Pursuit  
Insatiable II  
Maneaters  
Night Hunger  
Reel People  
Rx for Sex  
Suzie Superstar  
That's Outrageous

## Three-Quarters Erect

All American Girls in Heat  
Bubblegum  
Corruption  
Female Sensations  
Girlfriends  
Hypersexuals  
Never Sleep Alone  
Piggy's  
Playing With Fire  
Pleasure So Deep  
Studhunters  
Temptation  
Unthinkable

## Half Erect

Babylon Blue  
Eat at the Blue Fox  
Flashpants  
Pleasure Zones  
Private Moments  
Show Your Love  
Smoker  
Sulka's Wedding  
That's My Daughter

## One-Quarter Erect

An Unnatural Act  
Sweet Young Foxes  
The Challenge of Desire  
When She Was Bad

## Totally Limp

A Bit Too Much Too Soon  
Bodacious Ta Ta's  
Virginia

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

## RATING GUIDE

-  FULLY ERECT  
Superior. A top production.
-  THREE-QUARTERS ERECT  
A well-made film.
-  HALF ERECT  
So-so. Limited appeal.
-  ONE-QUARTER ERECT  
Poor. Don't expect much.
-  TOTALLY LIMP  
A waste of time and money.



# PORNPOURRI

Edited by Doug Oliver

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

## Sexy

(Essex Video) This classy 1976 made-in-France production is a



welcome addition to Essex's French Collection line. Although the performers are unfamiliar to American audiences, they fluently communicate in the international language of sex, and *nothing* gets lost in the translation. The central figure, Catherine (played by the improbably named Dawn Cumming), is a mousy secretary whose sex life exists only in her fanta-

sies—which she describes in a journal.

Anything can inspire her to start fantasizing. After purchasing a pair of rubber gloves, she pictures herself as a voluptuous blonde inserting the handle of a dish scrubber into the middle finger of the glove and masturbating with it. A taxi ride triggers daydreams about having sex with a handsome stud in the back of a parked car while three working-class types stand outside beating off and occasionally thrusting their pricks into her eager mouth through the car's open windows. Eating lunch in a restaurant transports this drudge and her erotic appetite to a private dining room, where she becomes the seductress once again, feverishly sampling the cock and cunt of her lusty companions in a sizzling threeway. Catherine's only attempt at real sex never gets beyond the pat-on-the-knee stage—so it's back to fantasyland.

In the finale all of the people from her fantasies turn up in her apartment for a steamy clusterfuck. Laughing hysterically, Catherine sits at her typewriter getting it all down. The English dubbing is dreadful in this blue-screen scorch; so just turn

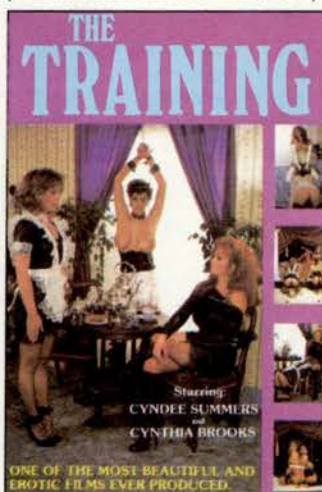


Characters from the horny-but-timid heroine's sexual fantasies come together in 'Sexy.'

down the volume. The hard-core action will almost certainly have you adding your own soundtrack. —D. O.

## The Training

(Bizarre Video) This all-girl bondage video looks more like a commercial for a leather-and-latex outlet than a down-and-dirty adult feature. Long on bondage and discipline and short on S&M, the tape does offer some cunt-licking and clit-fingering—but not much. The story begins with beautiful Cynthia Brooks, a perky cheerleader type, asleep and dreaming about her dominatrix (Cyndee Summers). Brooks is rudely awakened by hard-eyed (and mammoth-breasted) Shahar Desiree and taken to Summers, who trusses up both girls and yells at them. After a series of ty-



ings and untyings, clamped nipples and ball-gag punishment, the girls are allowed to suck on each other's twats while Summers looks on and beats off with her whip. At the end, Brooks wakes up again and looks around in confusion: Was it all a dream? It certainly was for Centurian, which supplied the bondage gear and received billing in the final credits. Production quality is good in this tape, which is a must for bondage freaks who prefer to imagine rather than view violence. —Jack Mortimer

## Right Place... Wrong Time

(James De Productions) This ultra-low-budget one-hour video has the distinction of being one of the few all-black porn tapes on the market. That distinction and the video's highly attractive

women are the only reasons to recommend it. Unfortunately, the clumsy camerawork, awful sound, and amateur script and acting make *Right Place* one of the shoddiest productions to hit the scene in many a month. What plot there is centers on an impromptu party, and word is that "everyone should be prepared to get wild." Since it's a weeknight and the guys all have to work the next day, they're hesitant to go. But their girlfriends—who apparently have nothing better to do during the day than masturbate, chat on the phone and belly dance around the house nude—persuade them to go anyway.

There are several mediocre sex scenes, but after joints are passed around at the party and the gents finish their beers and quit complaining about the late hour, things start to pick up. The men hit the carpet for a mouthful of pussy, and soon there's a face buried in every crotch, which quickly leads to big dicks sliding in and out of horny cunts. But all in all there's too little action, and it comes too late. —J. M.

## Diamond Collection Volume 53

(Cinderella Distributors) This trio of loops really delivers the meat. The production quality is great, the girls are knockouts, the guys stay hard, and the cum-shots are terrific. The first of the three vignettes opens with two horny bimbos tugging at one another's lingerie in a nondescript apartment. This deceptively run-of-the-mill beginning turns hotter and hotter as undies get tugged off, and the two cupcakes get down to business. Nothing is left to the imagination as the camera moves right in for every twitch and quiver. The girls tongue away at each other's clits and finger-fuck their gaping holes with such ferocity that you'd think they'd be satisfied. Wrong! They invite their friend Tommy over to get their hands, mouths and cunts on some hot cock. The ensuing threesome is a real bone-stiffener.

Sequence 2 stars Ron Jeremy as a sex therapist visited by a lithe beauty with sexual hang-ups that only he can cure. Jeremy administers the sexual healing, and





soon it's hard to tell who's healing whom. The final segment, "Piano Quartet," begins with two horny honeys sitting on a baby grand being serviced by a husky blond dude. The phone rings, and he splits, leaving the girls to make their own music. When he returns with a friend, the four of them fuck and suck their heads off. This is a tape that just might melt your VCR. —J. M.

## Erotic Fantasies Volume 6

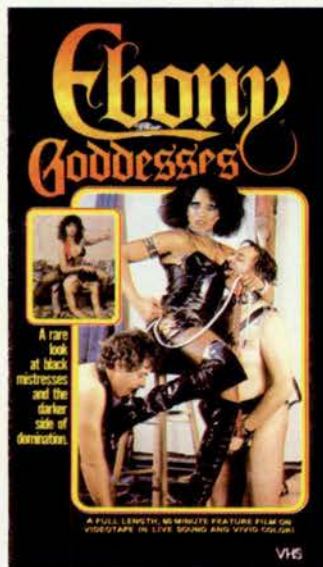
(Cal Vista) These seven vignettes taken from earlier CV features offer big-name stars, scorching sex and good production values. Jamie Gillis starts off the steamy loop collection by slowly and passionately raising the sexual awareness of innocent blond virgin Sharon Kane. Next, peppy Samantha Fox gets her mouth and cunt filled by two young studs (Lee Colt and Roger Cain). The guys are somewhat listless, but Fox's sexual performance



more than makes up for her partners' lack of energy. In the hottest segment a struggling young actress (Susy Reynolds) is told by her director (Richard Pacheco) that it's time to hop in the sack to repay some favors. She gets angry and slaps him, but when he slaps her back, Reynolds gets turned on. Pacheco screws her silly in this highlight of a sizzling wall-to-wall fuckromp. —J. M.

## Ebony Goddesses

(London Enterprises Ltd.) If watching a merciless black dominatrix insert her stiletto heel into one man's nostril and the tip of her spur into another man's peehole makes you feel uneasy, it would



probably be best to avoid this hourlong descent into the dark world of bondage and discipline. But if the idea of three sexy black bitches slapping, stringing up, whipping, walking on and otherwise verbally and physically humiliating their long-suffering clients makes your pecker pop, *Ebony Goddesses* is the answer to your prayers. Nothing about this tape is phony. There's a storyline, but don't let it concern you. The three dominatrices—Velvet, Ebony and Supreme (portrayed by Mistresses Mir, Candy and Sparky)—are *real*, as are both the punishment they dish out and the men they discipline. These wimps were probably ordered to appear in the video as part of their humiliation! Other highlights include private dick Mack Slammer (David Christopher) being dragged around by his

rope-bound vitals, fitted with a saddle, ridden by Mistress Velvet and having his cock nearly twisted off by Mistress Supreme. Christopher's screams of pain

sound authentic, but his ever-present hard-on indicates that he may be having the time of his life. This one's for connoisseurs only. —D. O.

## EVEN WEREWOLVES NEED LOVE



The fiend pictured above is no ordinary go-for-the-throat werewolf. He's the star of *Driller*, a soon-to-be-released werewolf/zombie/rock epic that picks up where *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, *Night Dreams* and Michael Jackson's *Thriller* leave off. *Driller* promises to be the most bizarre fuck film to hit the blue screen in many a full moon. Can you name one other movie in which the heroine gets screwed unconscious by a werewolf with a massive, corkscrew-shaped dick that spurts green cum? As if that wasn't enough, this supernatural sexual extravaganza from Abelard Productions boasts the first-ever captured-on-celluloid female cum-shot! Faintly reminiscent of the vomit scene from *The Exorcist*, this unprecedented feat is sure to turn the faces of Hollywood's special-effects wizards green with, uh, envy.

You may not want to sit in the front row.

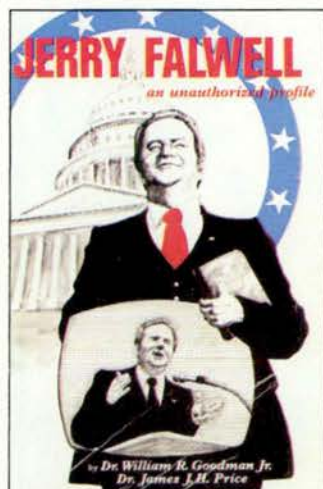


# BOOKS

Edited by  
Doug Oliver

## Jerry Falwell: An Unauthorized Profile

By Dr. William R. Goodman Jr. and Dr. James J. H. Price; Paris and Associates Inc., Educational Services, P.O. Box 1314, Lynchburg, VA 24505; \$8.50.



Tied with cheap jute ropes and spread-eagled on a bed, the girl was clad in a clinging gown. She thrust her pelvis wildly up and down as onlookers gaped. The doctor's bloody surgical knife was coming ever closer; in moments a macabre operation would begin.

A ball-tingling scene from an S&M porn flick? Not at all. According to the authors of this book—who witnessed the performance—this provocative exhibition was part of a “Scaremare,” an annual Halloween event sponsored by the Falwell Ministries and staffed by members of Jerry Falwell’s Lynchburg, Virginia, Thomas Road Baptist Church. It was designed to frighten observers so much that they’d fall for a soul-saving pitch that concluded the spectacle.

One of the most controversial figures in America, the self-styled Dr. Falwell (he was granted an honorary doctorate from the little-known Tennessee Temple University) loudly condemns the Equal Rights Amendment, the so-called liberal establishment, abortion, communism, booze and porn—not necessarily in that

order. Founding father of the God-fearing Moral Majority, he is also the well-heeled preacher of television’s *Old-Time Gospel Hour*, from whose pulpit he champions his favorite causes. Though Fundamentalist Falwell is quick to condemn the sinning of others, this book makes it quite clear that he’s an outrageous hypocrite. Open to children despite being gloried in a heavy dose of blood and gore, “Scaremare” is merely one more blatant example of his grotesque morality.

Goodman and Price are churchmen themselves, and as much as they obviously loathe Falwell, their criticism is always low-key. Despite getting involved in theological quibbles that most readers will find silly, they nonetheless succeed in showing that this Bible-banging emperor definitely has no clothes. Using actual passages from Falwell’s speeches, they document how the preacher contradicts himself, reveals himself to be anti-black and anti-Jew and relentlessly urges his followers to reach into their pocketbooks and send his ministry their money. P. T. Barnum may have been the first to say that “there’s a sucker born every minute,” but Jerry Falwell is proving it. —Francesca Garrett

## Gambling Scams

By Darwin Ortiz; Dodd, Mead & Company, 79 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$15.95.

As a kid in New York City’s South Bronx, Darwin Ortiz was taken under the wing of a top-notch group of sleight-of-hand artists who taught him everything they knew about “scamming a mark” (swindling an unknowing victim). Today he’s an acknowledged authority on cheating who serves as a consultant to casinos on game security and frequently conducts seminars on gambling-fraud investigations for law-enforcement agencies. His years of experience in the world of professional gamblers, card manipulators and con men have produced this fascinating book—which Ortiz claims is the most comprehensive exposé ever written on the techniques that gambling hustlers use to part a mark from his cash. There is no reason to doubt his claim.

A few of the tricks professional card sharps use, he tells us, are



‘Ragged’: Jones and one of the many artists he’s sung with, rock star Elvis Costello.

culling and stacking (arranging discards so that they will fall favorably on the next deal), hand mucking (palming valuable cards for later play), second and bottom dealing (dealing other than the top card), and false cuts and shuffles that leave the order of a stacked deck undisturbed.

Although these trade secrets are all fully explained, a quick read of this volume will not transform a casual player into a wizard of card-sharpness. The moves these hustlers employ require in-born talent, expert instruction and years of studious practice. A thorough read of the book, however, will alert the recreational gambler to warning signals that tell if a “specialist” is operating in what to the untrained eye might seem to be an honest game. Ortiz also exposes the amateur cheat’s cruder attempts to trim the odds in “friendly” games.

Prior to the publication of this book, about the only way to gain knowledge of crooked gambling

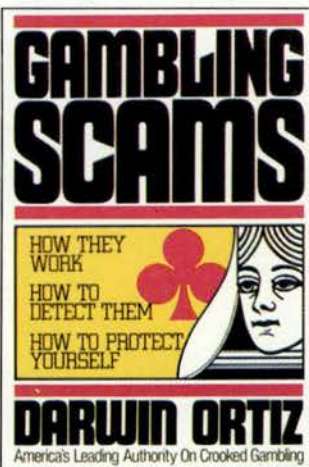
## Ragged but Right: The Life and Times of George Jones

By Dolly Carlisle; Contemporary Books Inc., 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60601; \$14.95.

A lady such as Dolly Carlisle shouldn’t try to write a book about George Jones. The problem is that this giant of country music is not now, nor has he ever been, your standard, polite, well-mannered gent. Quite the opposite, in fact. Jones’s tragedy is that all his life he’s skidded around on desperately unstable emotional foundations. His problems read like a case history compiled by Alcoholics Anonymous: compulsive self-destruction; emotional isolation; violent binges followed by merciless self-blame and deep remorse; endless pledges to straighten out his life, live right and to drink only “a little now and then.” His life is characterized by failed marriages, canceled performances, broken promises and broken hearts.

It’s not a nice story. It never is when a man with a talent as massive as Jones’s is laid low by the power of chemicals and personal pain. It takes a tough writer to tell that kind of story, to capture the depths of the suffering and separate the harsh truths from the excuses, apologies and rationalizations. Unfortunately, Carlisle is not tough.

The basic information is there, all right; Jones’s life from his early days as a honky-tonk singer to his smashing success as country music’s hottest star. But Carlisle is far too ladylike and just plain nice to tell the story the way it should be told. —F. G.



was to experience it—usually as the victim. So if you indulge in the occasional or regular wager, it might be worth your while to take advantage of the inside information Ortiz has to offer. The chump you wise up may be yourself. —Allan MacDonell





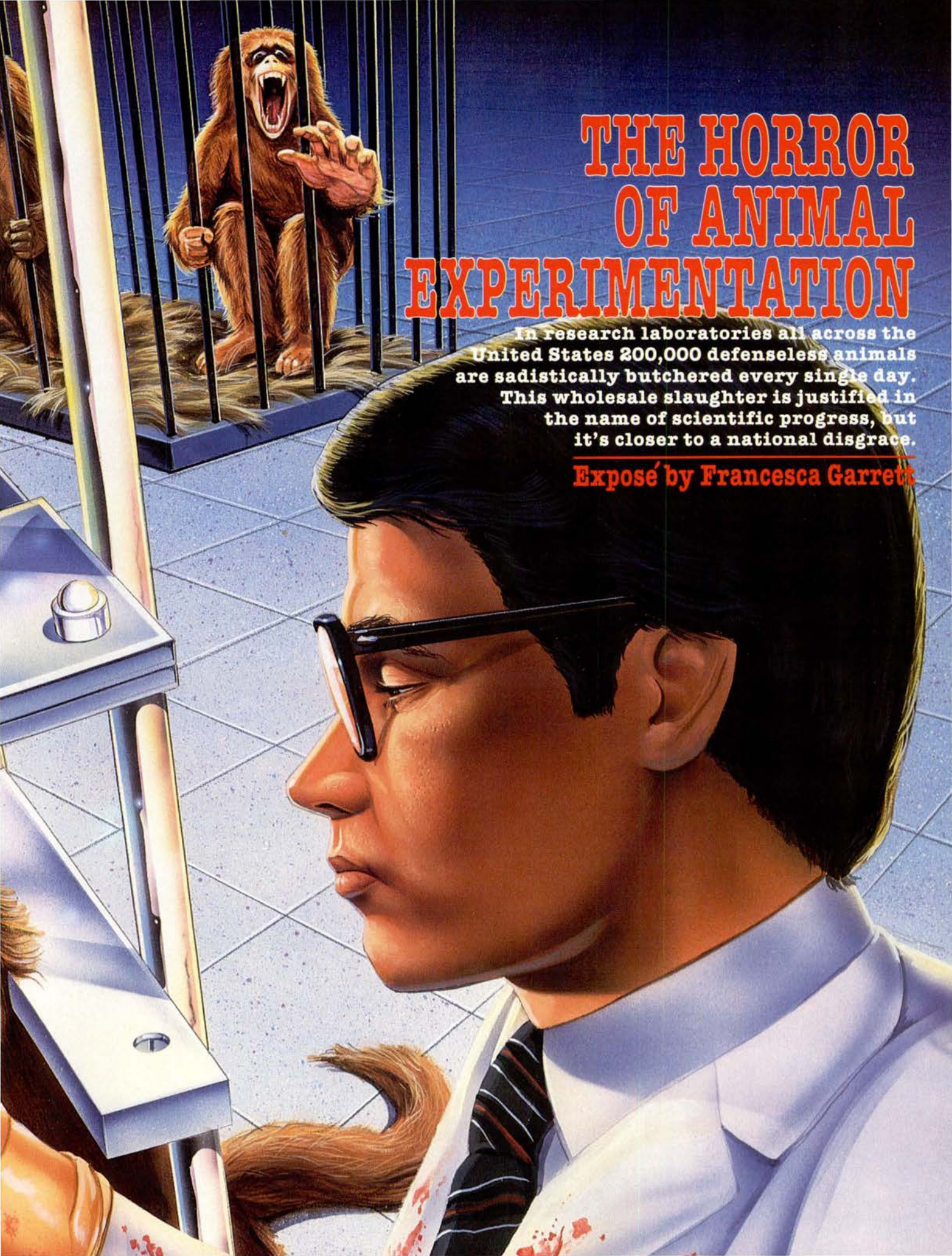
"Geez! It smells like something crawled up your ass and died!"





Illustration by John Andrews



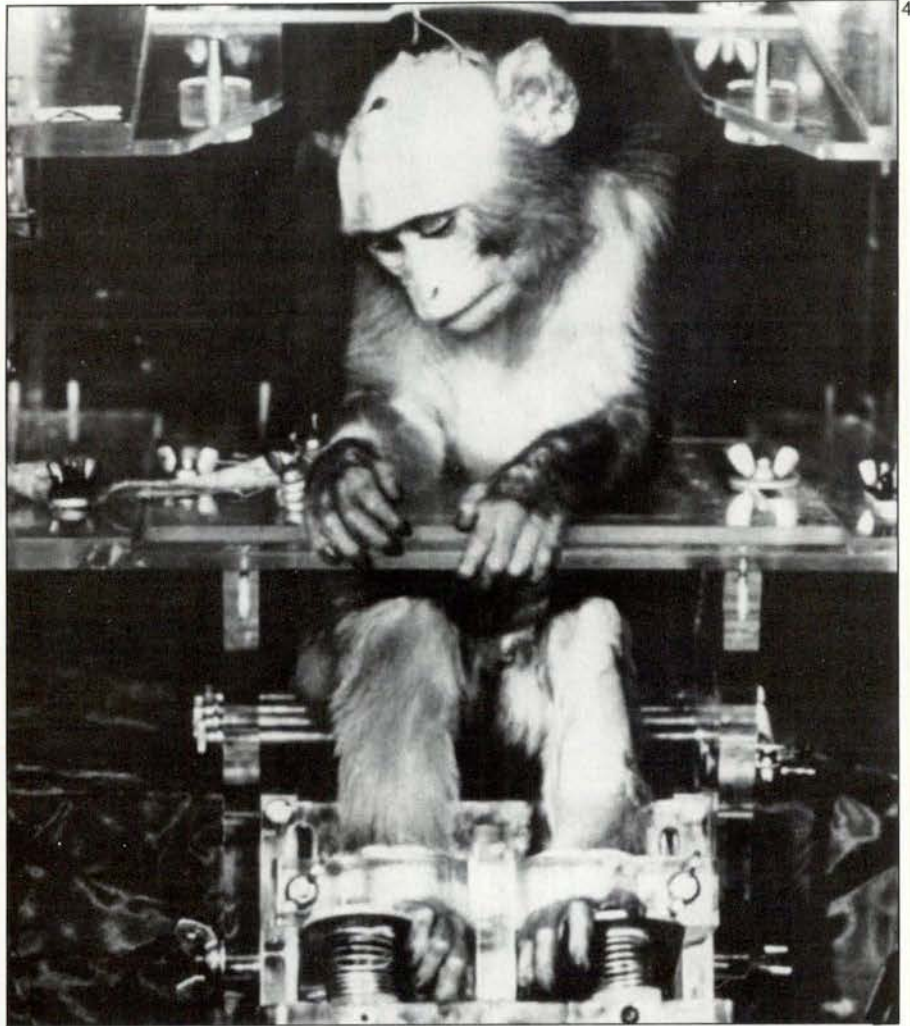
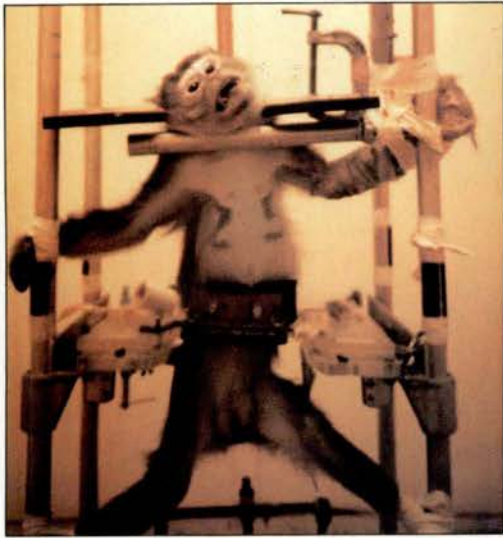


# THE HORROR OF ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION

In research laboratories all across the United States 200,000 defenseless animals are sadistically butchered every single day. This wholesale slaughter is justified in the name of scientific progress, but it's closer to a national disgrace.

**Expose' by Francesca Garrett**





(1, 2, 3) This three-photo sequence depicts the agony of a monkey whose left arm was surgically crippled by researchers. While seated in this restraining device, it was taunted, deprived of food and received electric shocks to make it use the injured arm. (4) A rhesus monkey sinks into despair after its body is lacerated with multiple wounds and its brain implanted with electrodes to test the animal's reactions to pain. (5) The ears of these cats have been amputated and their inner ears sewn shut to determine the effects of sound deprivation.



On the movie screen, four men in white lab coats surround a pig that has been roped down to a small table. Flames shoot from the blowtorches in their hands, burning the animal's flesh until it crumples like charred, blackened paper. There are no squeals of agony, because the pig's vocal cords have been severed. But the pig is still moving its head and is clearly conscious while the technicians continue to fire away, melting the flesh down to muscle. The tormented animal is loaded onto a wheelbarrow as a voice

narrating this documentary footage explains that the seared fragments of skin will be peeled away by scientists—in order to find out whether burn victims need fluids.

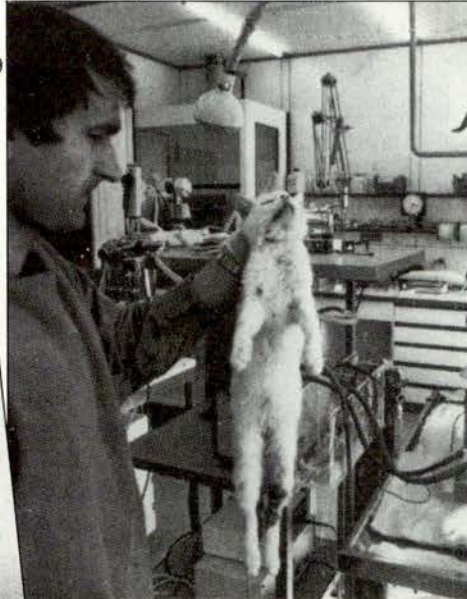
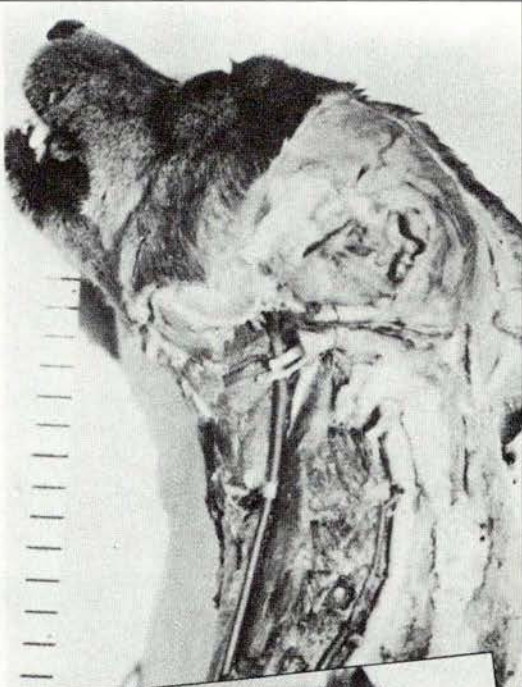
"It is difficult to imagine in what way mankind could possibly benefit from such an atrocity," says the narrator. Watching the film reminds one of the ghoulish Nazi doctors who used the flesh of their gassed victims to make lampshades.

Astonishingly, this ghastly act of torture provoked no public outcry. Have such practices been stopped?

Have the guilty scientists been punished? Far from it. That pig was one of more than 70 million animals that are victimized by experimenters in the United States alone every single year; that's about 200,000 animals daily.

In the best-funded and most-famous research laboratories across the country, rats, cats, dogs, cows, pigs, lambs, goats, birds, rabbits and monkeys are systematically shot, burned, blinded, brain-damaged, disemboweled, starved, force-fed, irradiated, electrically shocked, poisoned

Photo sources: Naked Empress (Buchverlag CIVIS Publications); People for the Treatment of Animals (Alex Pacheco); American Anti-Vivisection Society.



(6) The throat of this dog was stripped open while it remained alive and fully conscious. (7) A monkey endured the severing of spinal nerves to render its left arm useless while the right arm was tied up in a straitjacket. (8) In a grotesque experiment the trunk of one dog was grafted to the body of another to see if they could both be kept alive. Both dogs died within 24 hours. (9) This cat was immobilized for brain surgery. The operation was a success, but the patient died; a technician holds the body aloft. (10) This anguished monkey suffers silently in the terminal stages of laboratory-induced syphilis.



## ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION (continued from page 39)

*350 rhesus monkeys were smashed against a cement wall to find out what happens to humans in a car accident.*

and paralyzed—all in the name of science. Behind closed doors—insulated and hidden from the public—physicians, psychologists, surgeons, veterinarians, chemists and their teams of technicians, assistants and graduate students have been perpetrating a holocaust on innocent creatures that can't fight back.

If the numbers are appalling, the true nature of the experiments is even more so. Here are some examples culled from the many thousands that are performed each year:

- At the Medical Center of Tulane University in Louisiana 350 rhesus monkeys were smashed against a cement wall to find out what happens to humans in a car accident. And while they were dying, other monkeys were forced to *watch*.

- An eminent brain surgeon, Dr. Robert White of Cleveland's Case Western Reserve University, severed the heads of live monkeys from their bodies, emptied them of blood, refrigerated them and then had the blood pumped back into the still-living brains, which he suspended in fluids. He was also interested in finding human volunteers for his experiments.

"I'm really not a bad guy," he insisted.

- At Brooks Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas, more than 500 rhesus monkeys were exposed to radiation. Some 279 of them died from pneumonia, gangrene, acute leukemia and other agonizing conditions. Even more monkeys perished—1,379 between 1972 and 1977—in tests simulating the devastating effects of the neutron bomb at the Armed Forces Radiobiology Research Institute in Bethesda, Maryland.

- At the University of Wisconsin two "researchers" loaded 16 pregnant sows into a truck and hauled them over a bumpy road, isolated them in crates, forced them to fight one another and shocked them with electric prods to determine the effects of "altered environments" on milk in pigs.

- Because they can be so fiercely loyal and trusting, dogs are singled out for special attention in animal experiments. Their docile and loving nature makes them perfect laboratory "subjects." At the University of Minnesota 36 dogs were tied up and given electric shocks from which they couldn't escape. Then they

were shocked again but given the possibility of escape. The dogs didn't even try to get away; they just whimpered and looked "pathetically helpless," in the words of the researchers.

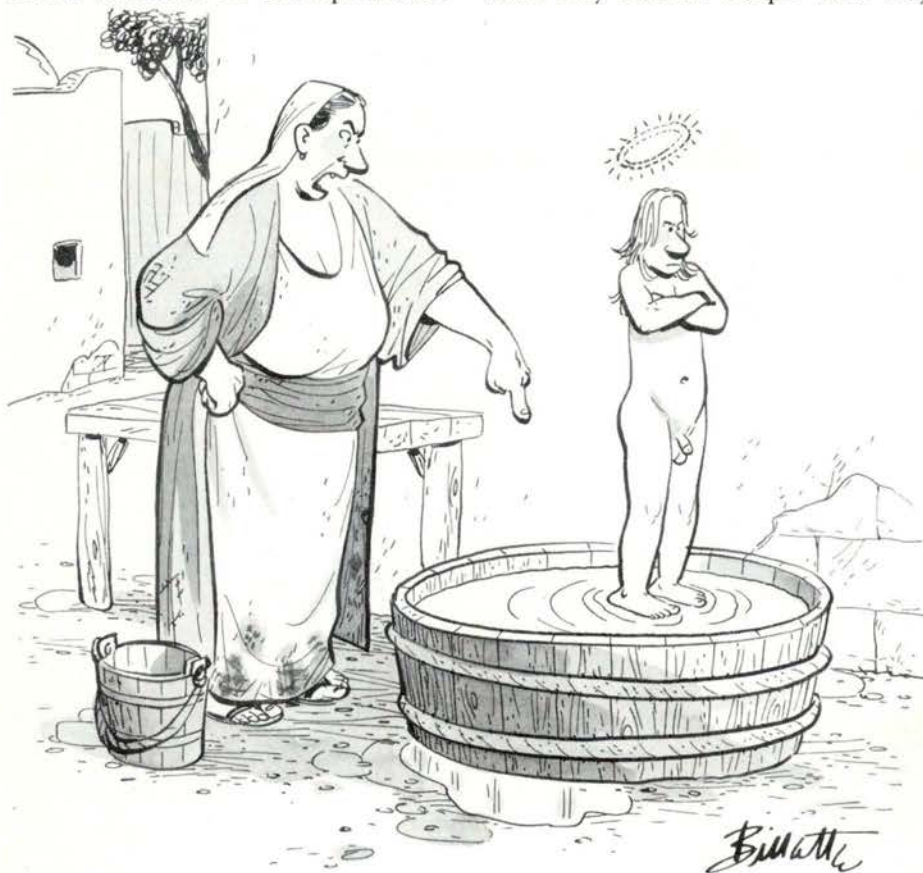
Horrified by this experiment, psychiatrist Dallas Pratt explains that the Minnesota dogs were probably all former pets that had learned to trust and love human beings. Whatever tortures were inflicted upon them, they still believed that the experimenters would relieve their agony.

Dogs that have been raised since birth in labs, says Pratt in his book *Alternatives to Pain*, harbor no such illusions about their captors. They know better. To test the effect of the tranquilizer chlorpromazine, Dr. V. Houser, a researcher in pharmacology, roped hostile laboratory dogs to a table and fastened a choke collar around each of their necks. Diabolically, he then operated on his helpless victims, removing their bladders and positioning their urinary tracts outside their bodies so that he could easily collect urine for tests. Once the animals had recovered from this grotesque surgery, Houser subjected them to electrical shocks on their shaved legs during 140 separate sessions—and this went on for an unstated number of days. When at last he did dose them with the tranquilizer, he discovered that the drug had little effect. The dogs had been too deeply shocked.

Unlike dogs, cats have an "almost-legendary reputation as a difficult behavior subject," according to M. Loop and M. Berkley, researchers at Florida State University—who were determined to prove otherwise. In order to subdue their subjects, they starved cats they had obtained from the local animal shelter and then stood them on a grid floor that could be electrified. The cats were trained to push a key to get food between 1,500 and 2,000 times an hour.

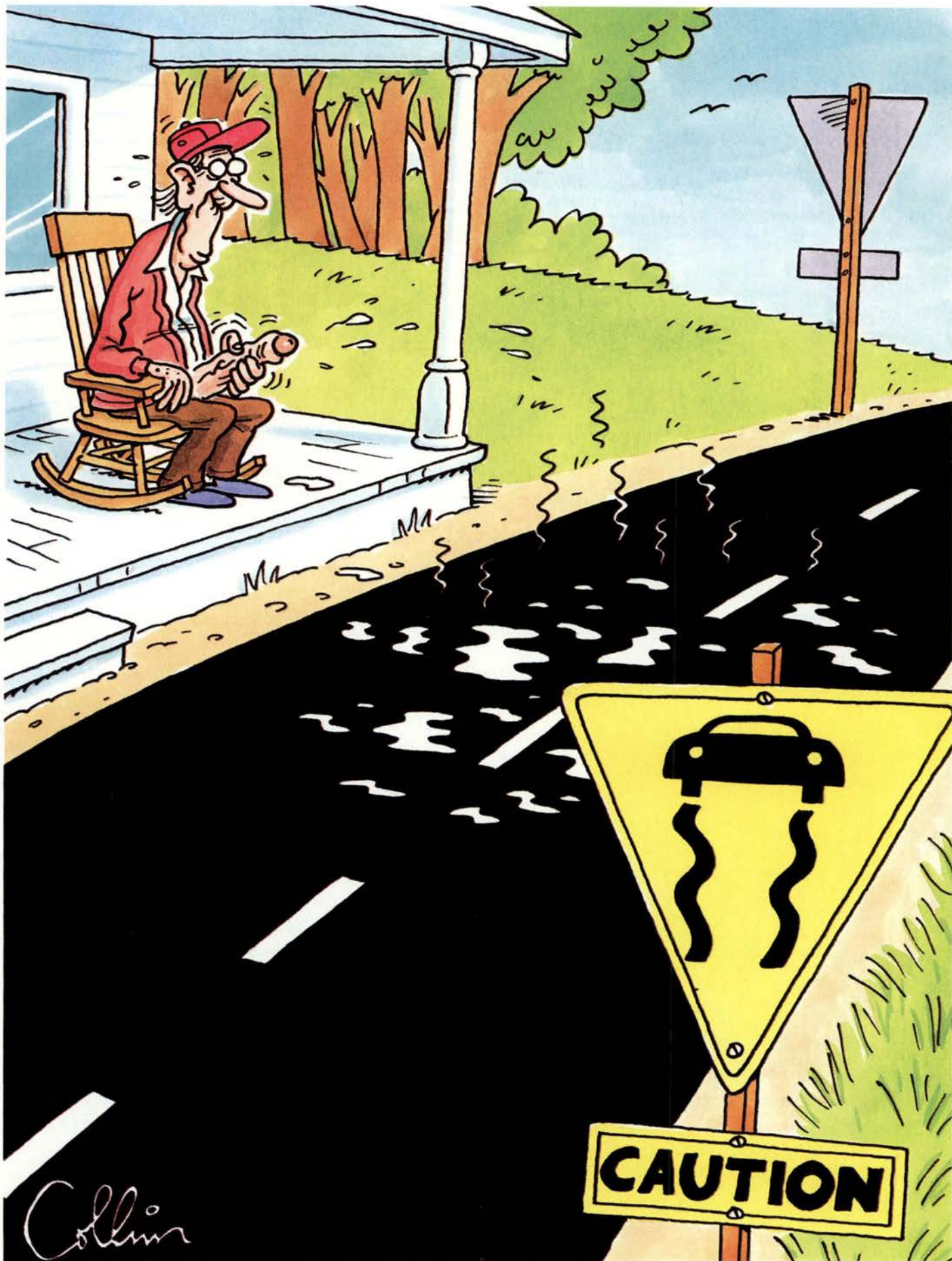
Then the electrical shocks began. For three months the cats were shocked whenever a white light went on, and then whether the light went on or not. "In conclusion we would like to put to rest the myth that the cat is a difficult behavioral [subject] and offer this technique as a solution," the researchers wrote heartlessly.

Is it a cat's independence that tempts scientists not only to subdue them, but also to use them in experiments involving sex and violence? For 15 years, until unfavorable publicity put a stop to it, two federally funded researchers at the Museum of Natural History in New York City mutilated hundreds of cats, damaging their brains, desensitizing their penises and destroying their sense of smell—all to study effects on the cats' sexuality. They then applied to the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development



"Don't get smart with me, Young Man! Get in that tub!"







## ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION *(continued from page 40)*

*Cats have not only been electrically shocked and sexually mutilated; they have also been deliberately blinded.*

opment for an additional \$195,560 to destroy eight *more* areas of the cats' brains.

Intrigued by the fact that injury to a man's testes causes "severe pain," researchers were funded by the National Institute of Health and the U.S. Public Health Service to find out if animals are sensitive in the same way. They immobilized the left testicles of male cats in cup-shaped devices. Then they compressed the testicles with a rod. What was their earthshaking conclusion? Crushing a cat's balls causes, in their words, "a pain-like response"—or what the sane among us might call simply pain.

Claiming that his experiments may someday "help man master his own violent instincts," the late Dr. John P. Flynn, a Yale University professor of psychology, decided to indulge his own violent instincts. He drilled holes through the skulls of ten cats that had shown not the slightest interest in killing rats. Then he inserted electrodes in the holes and subjected the cats to electrical shocks—though, like other scientists, he calls inflicting pain on living animals "stimulation." With the onset of such stimulation,

he discovered that his normally passive cats would go directly to a rat and bite it repeatedly "about the head and neck, often with fatal results."

Cats have not only been electrically shocked and sexually mutilated; they have also been deliberately blinded. At Harvard Medical School nine kittens had one eye sewn closed, and 17 had both eyes stitched when they were two weeks old. After one or two years of sightless life the animals were killed and their brains examined—to study the effects of blindness on the brain.

Monkeys are also favored victims of such blindness experiments. At the University of Rochester's Center for Brain Research the brains of macaque and squirrel monkeys were implanted with electrodes before the creatures were blinded—some by removal of their eyeballs. The scientists reported that these normally curious and active monkeys lost their appetite and even their interest in moving; they spent their days huddled in a corner of their cage as if asleep.

But the world-class award for cruelty to animals should be reserved for the late

Professor Harry F. Harlow, whose experiments on monkeys are taught in college psychology courses and are considered "classics" in the field. Although monkeys, he wrote, are highly intelligent creatures capable of "solving many problems similar to those used in standard tests of human intelligence," Harlow himself had no feeling for them. "The only thing I care about is whether monkeys will turn out [findings] that I can publish," he told a reporter. In his textbook for clinicians he spoke of their usefulness to scientists: "We can expose them to long periods of social and sensory deprivations. . . . We can also damage their brains."

By nature, monkeys are extraordinarily sociable and affectionate creatures. In the wild the infants cling to their mothers' fur and body from the moment of birth—and remain close to them until they're at least three. But in Harlow's lab at the University of Wisconsin Primate Center, monkey babies never got that chance.

Harlow and sidekick Stephen Suomi (who is still conducting experiments at the Primate Center) took the monkey babies from their mothers and reared them in isolation chambers—bare, wire-mesh cages to begin with, but later refined to stainless-steel cubicles with sloping sides that they called the "well of despair." Desperately lonely in this inhuman confinement, the newborn monkeys chewed on their own hands and bodies. They cried, huddled against the walls of their cage or starved themselves to death—until Harlow and Suomi "recognized the syndrome and instituted force-feeding."

Next the researchers came up with what they called the "fascinating idea" of creating "Monster Mothers" that might terrorize the infant monkeys into "psychological death." The first Monster Mother was made of cloth and ejected high-pressure compressed air that "would blow the animal's skin practically off its body" as it clung to her. Then came Monster Mother II, which would suddenly begin to rock so violently that the clinging baby's "head and teeth would rattle." A "Porcupine Mother" would unexpectedly emit brass spikes all over its body, throwing the wounded, shocked baby to the floor. Another baby monkey was reared with a Monster Mother that would suddenly turn freezing cold as it clung to her. The infant died of a "broken heart," said the lab vet.

"We began as sadists trying to produce abnormality," said Harlow. And they certainly succeeded. Why settle for artificial monsters when they could create real ones? Imprisoning young female monkeys, they reared them in solitary con-

*(continued on page 98)*



DWAIN TINSLE

"Man, you play that song one more time, and I'm gonna bite you smack dab on the balls!"







# SEVEN PUBIC FIGURES

Why would anyone want to paint portraits on pussies? When we first heard about Aslan's unusual artistic inclinations, we just *had* to find out; so we sent our crack Director of Photography James Baes all the way to his native France for a shooting of the master-artist at work on a special assignment for HUSTLER. Beginning at dawn, Aslan painstakingly recreated the likenesses of famous people on the stomachs and slits of his beautiful models. To complete this humorous and creative package, our inspired staff has taken liberty with—and even made up—some tellingly characteristic quotes.

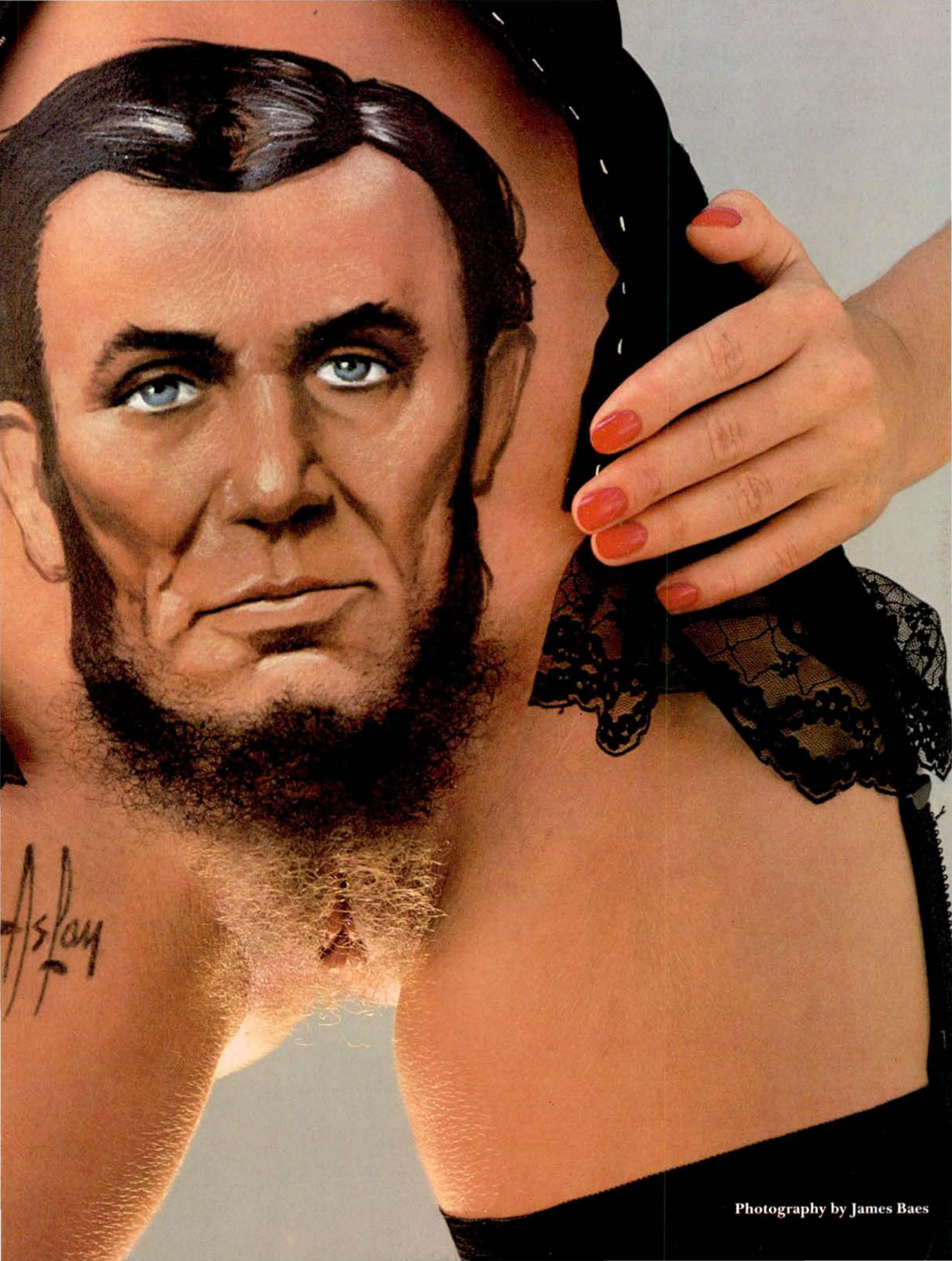
Rumor has it that Aslan is seeking models to use for some equally unique anatomical still lifes—the Grand Tetons and the Washington Monument.

*"Two thighs divided  
against themselves  
cannot stand."*

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN







Photography by James Baes

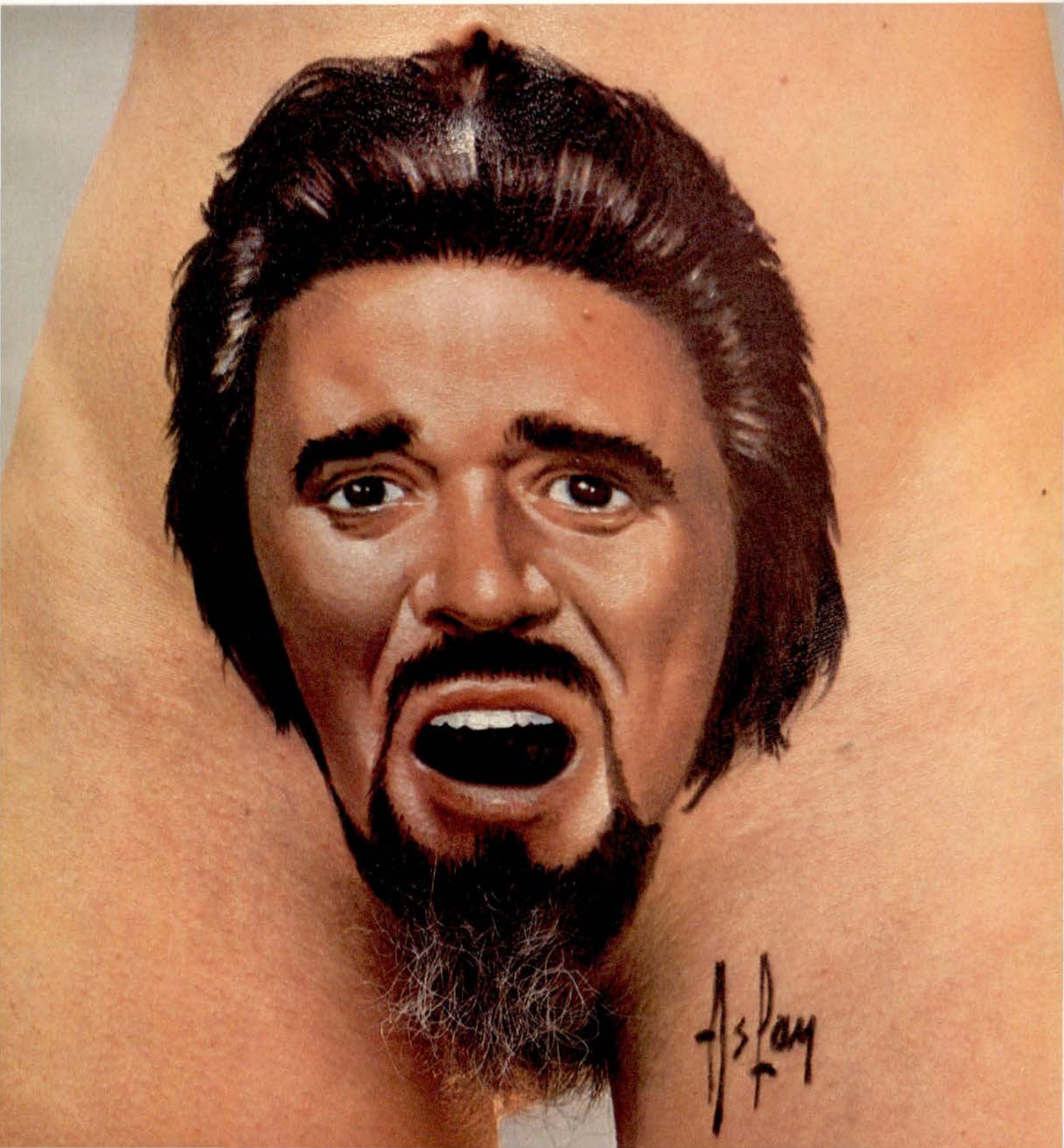


*"On the rag again . . .  
I'm so glad I'm on the rag again. . . ."*

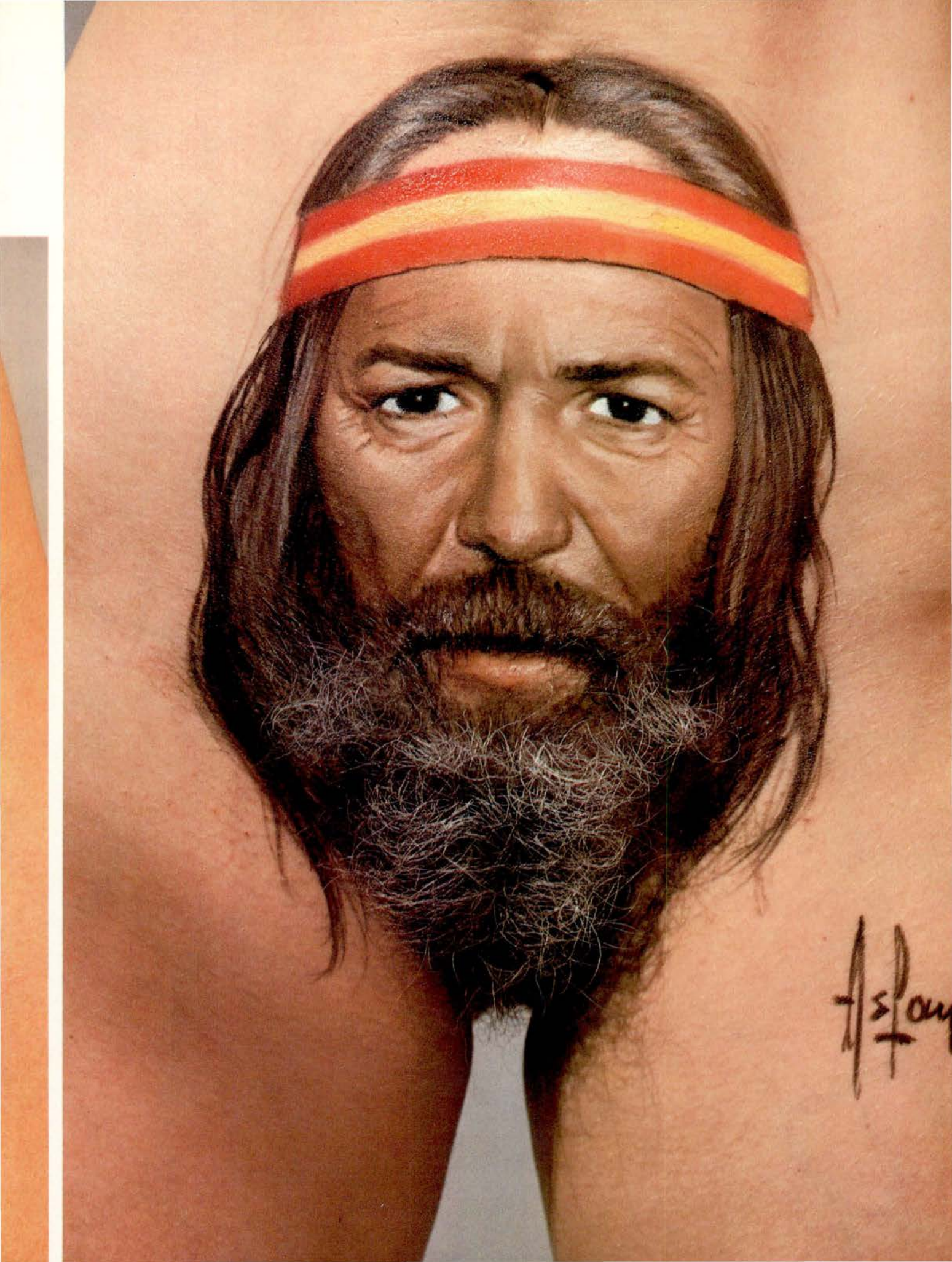
**-WILLIE NELSON** ►

*"They call me the Wolfman,  
but I'm really just a pussy cat."*

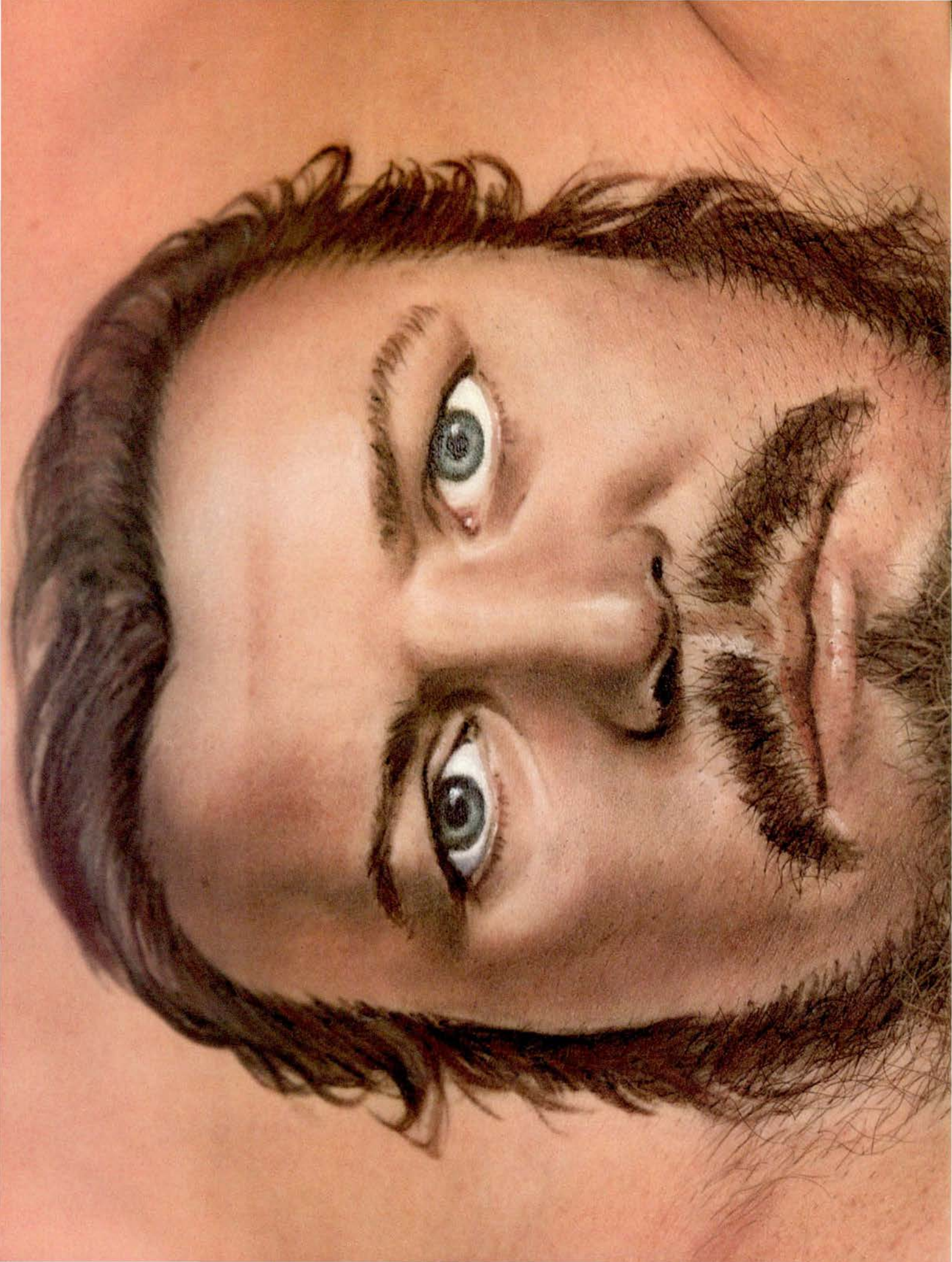
▼ **-WOLFMAN JACK**















*"I will no longer portray women as pieces of meat."*  
-LARRY FLYNT

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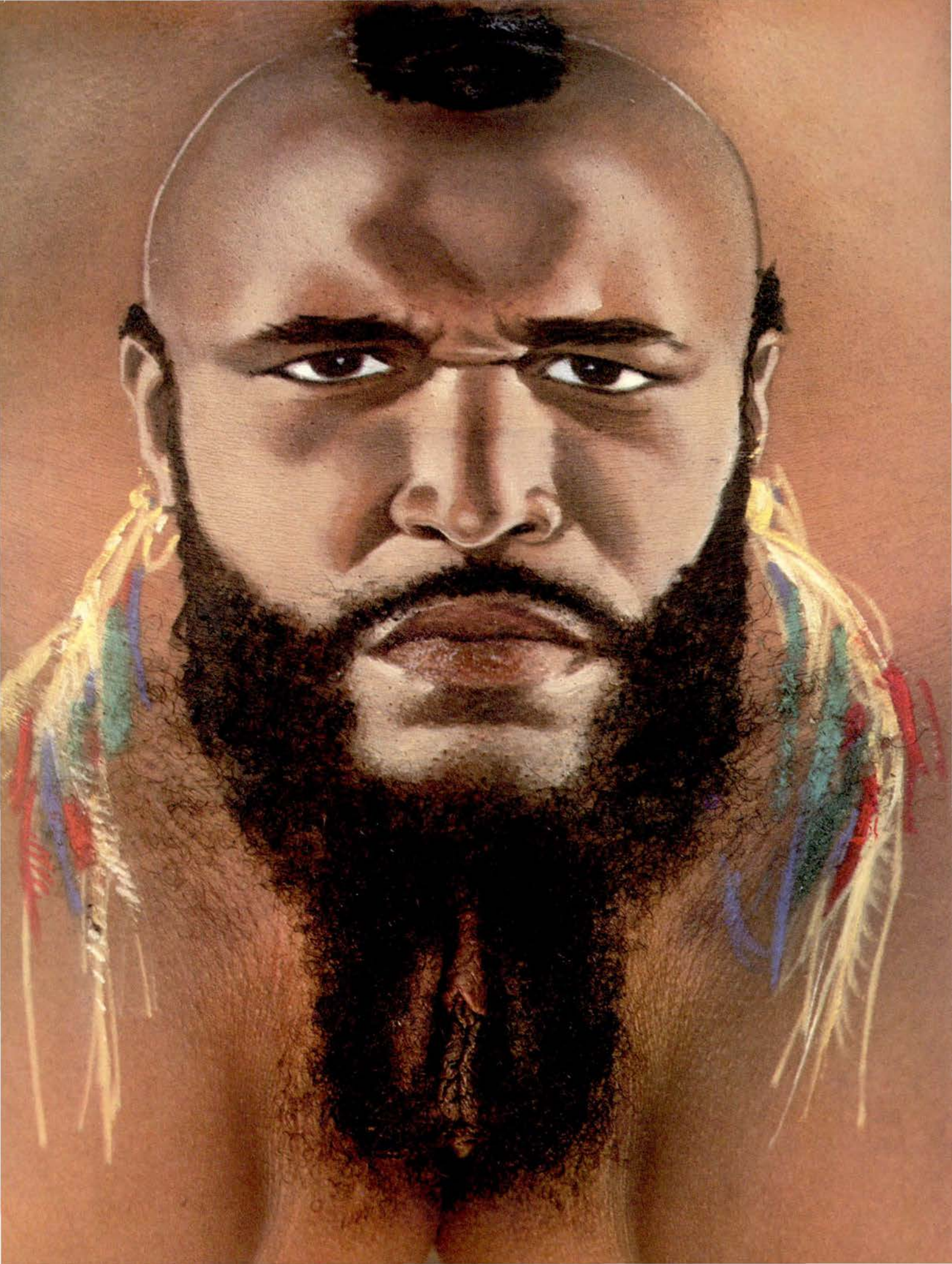






*"This is the  
best thing Yankee  
imperialists  
have done for my  
image since the  
Bay of Pigs."*  
-FIDEL CASTRO

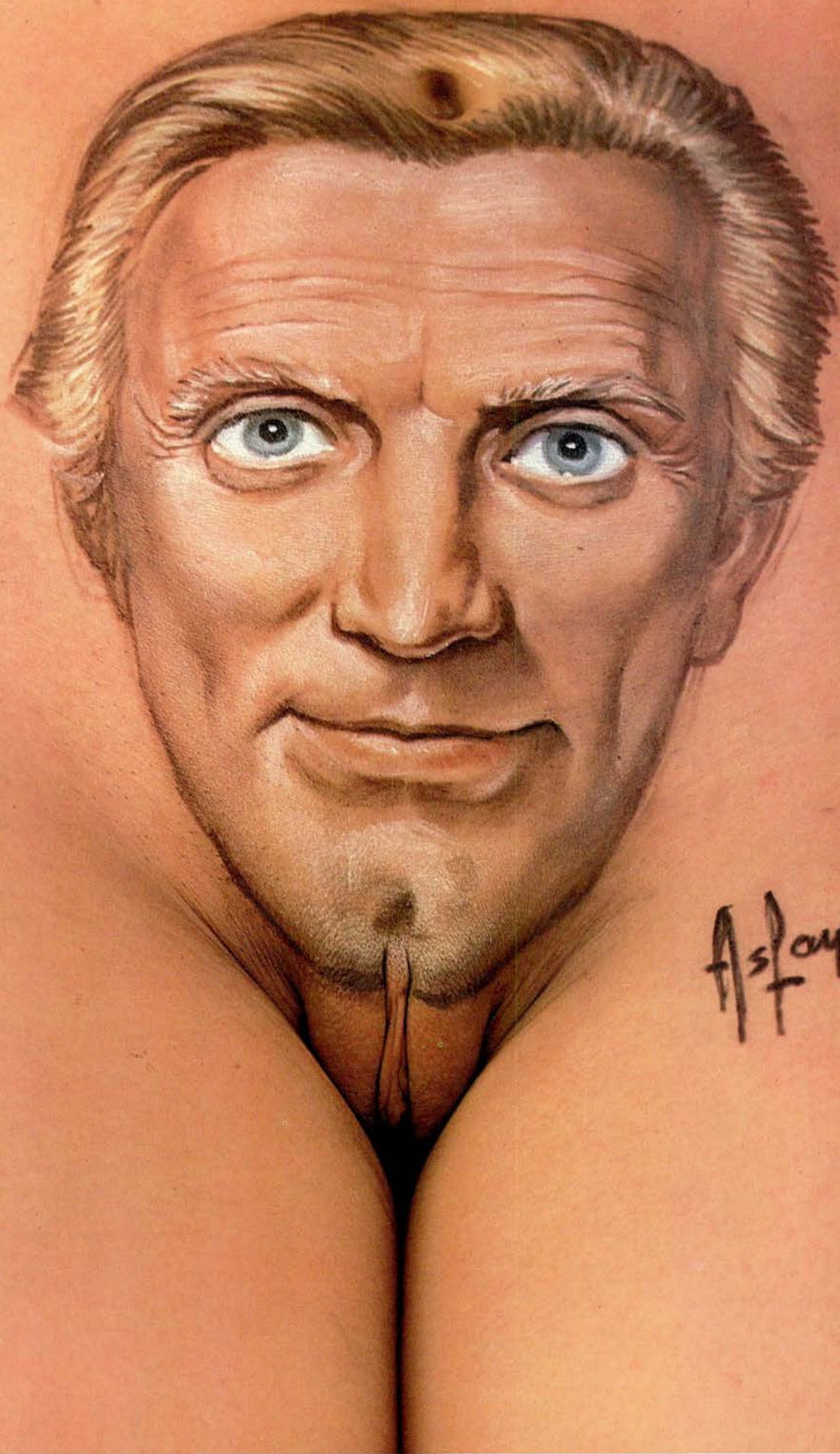






◀ *"Pity the fool who  
tries to mess with  
my face."*

-MR. T

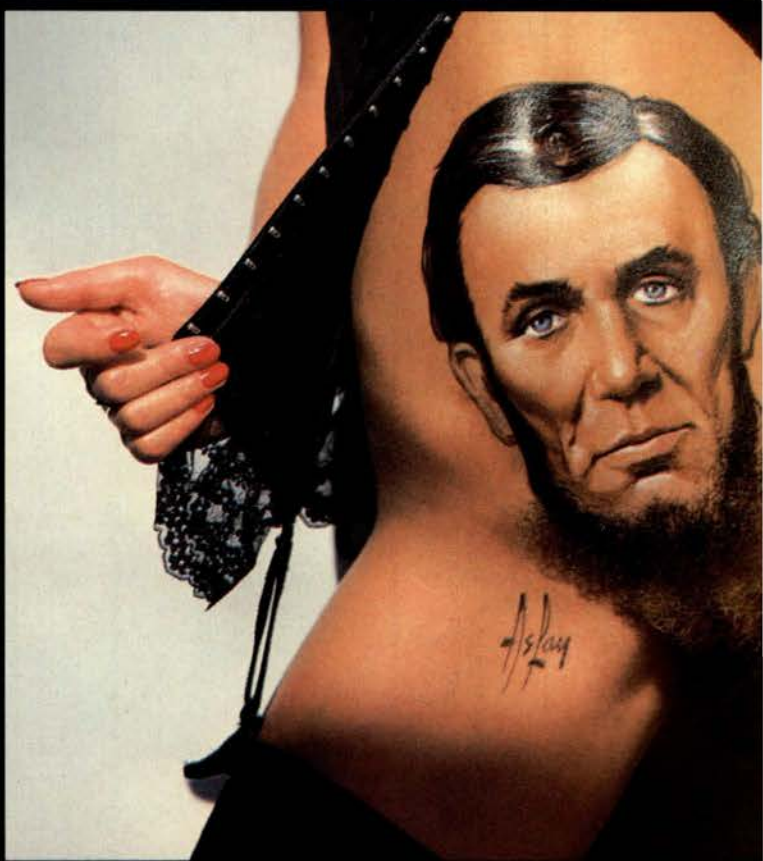
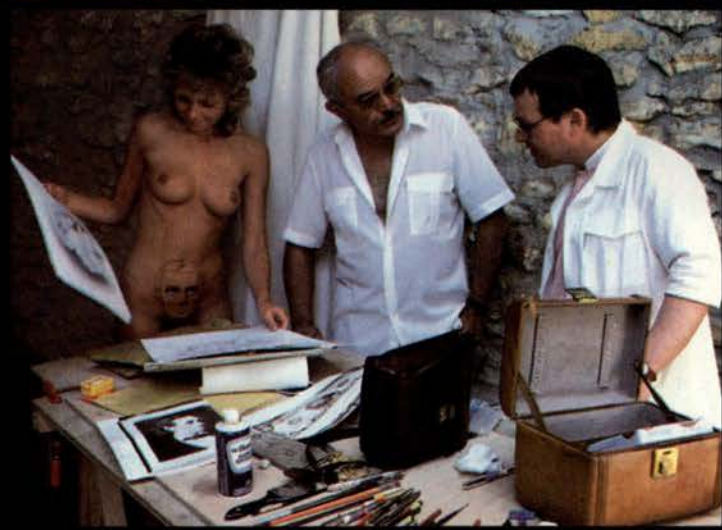


▶ *"Now I know why  
everyone likes the  
cleft in my chin."*

-KIRK DOUGLAS



# *BEHIND THE SCENES* ASLAN'S TICKLISH



At work in the studio, Aslan painted nonstop with a sable makeup brush in one hand and a cigarette in the other. His beautiful models (including Simone and Eva Marie, shown here) posed for five to six hours at a time without a break, creating all sorts of embarrassing problems. Leg cramps were the most hazardous on-the-job difficulties for the girls as well as for the painter. There were times when Aslan was trapped between a woman's thighs for half an hour or more. What terrible luck! Sometimes the artistic process became quite ticklish, but the ladies had to remain still, or they'd ruin an entire painting.

The results, as you can see, were well worth waiting for. The models thought so too. "After all," said Eva Marie, "how many women can say they were paid to have Willie Nelson's face between their legs for a whole day?" The portraits were showered off at the end of each working day—all but one of them, which another model wore home as "a surprise for my boyfriend." Can you imagine the lights dimmed that night, his lips tracing a line downward from the girl's swelling bosom toward her Venus mound—and finding himself eye to eye with the glowering face of Mr. T?



# ASSIGNMENT











# **BAD COMPANY** **THE BECHTEL** **CORPORATION**

Run by a group of right-wing fat cats in bed with the Reagan Administration, this multibillion-dollar corporate octopus has raped the environment, ripped off workers and served willingly as a tool of the CIA. Even worse, the powerful conglomerate's role in pushing nuclear power could hurtle us headlong into World War III.

REPORT BY GLENN HUNTER



**A** Hollywood screenwriter couldn't have come up with a more spectacular solution to Bechtel's problem on the Gulf of Aden in southern Arabia. The San Francisco-based construction firm had recently hired thousands of desert tribesmen to build a \$125-million oil refinery for a company called British Petroleum Ltd. Then a dispute among the workers threatened the project with a costly delay. Bechtel officials decided they had to act. Through an arrangement with British Petroleum, Bechtel hired pilots from the Royal Air Force to buzz the tribesmen in fighter planes, terrifying them back to work.

- As part of the pay package for 1,300 laborers on a Bechtel project in Indonesia, the company promised the men a daily allowance for food. When the money was withheld for ten months and the workers staged a sit-in strike, government troops stormed into action as if on cue, beating the men with rattan canes and clubs.

- At a town named West Valley in Upstate New York, Bechtel designed the first privately owned plant to process fuel for nuclear reactors. But the facility operated so poorly, it had to be abandoned within six years. Time after time deadly radioactivity leaked into the air and into a creek feeding Lake Erie. Although the plant was closed in 1972, Bechtel's lethal legacy remains: 163 tons of toxic fuel were left behind, and 600,000 gallons of highly radioactive wastes were buried underground—in leaking tanks.

- In the early 1930s tycoons Henry Kaiser and Harry Morrison asked Bechtel to join a group called Six Companies Inc. to build Hoover Dam on the Colorado River. Underpaid, overworked construction gangs did the actual labor, during which dozens of men perished due to the treacherous work conditions. When the government dam was completed, Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes charged Six Companies with no fewer than 70,000 violations of federal labor laws. Meanwhile, Kaiser, Morrison and Bechtel each made a profit of \$10 million in taxpayers' money.

\* \* \*

Few reading this are likely to have heard of Bechtel (pronounced BECK-tul), a supersecret international corporate octopus whose influence extends from tribal chiefs in Africa to the highest reaches of the Reagan White House. But as these examples show, Bechtel is a master at manipulating powerful friends and exploiting public resources. In its limitless greed this powerful corporation has polluted the environment, ripped off its workers and endangered our safety. It's made its own

laws, then refused to discuss them. Some say the firm is really a "shadow government"—a working arm of the CIA. In fact, it may be all that and more.

Despite serious questions about the way the firm operates, there's no doubting its growth and success. The Bechtel Group Inc. is said to be the biggest privately owned company in America; we know it's the largest construction-engineering outfit in the world. With 100,000 employees and at least 120 current major projects, Bechtel reported 1983 billings of \$14.1 billion—more than the gross national products of many of the countries in which it has worked.

Bechtel is into almost everything—and on a massive scale. In the United States it has helped construct the Trans-Alaska Pipeline, the San Francisco Bay Bridge, urban rapid-transit systems and scores of oil refineries, mines, piers and industrial plants. Bechtel has built nearly half of our 80 nuclear-power stations, and it's working on at least 30 more.

Overseas, Bechtel is carving out the planet's biggest copper-mining and refining complex in the jungles of Papua, New Guinea. Its hydroelectric project at Ontario's James Bay has been called the largest civil-engineering job in Canadian history. In Saudi Arabia, Bechtel is turning a small fishing village into a sprawling industrial center complete with steel mills, petrochemical plants and an international airport.

Cloaked in secrecy since its founding in 1898 by a German immigrant named Warren "Dad" Bechtel, the company has remained a tightly held family concern through three generations. The Bechtels themselves own about 40% of the stock; the rest is divided among some 60 key executives who must sell their shares back to the company when they leave or retire. As long ago as 1977—when the firm successfully petitioned the state of California to seal its salary records—

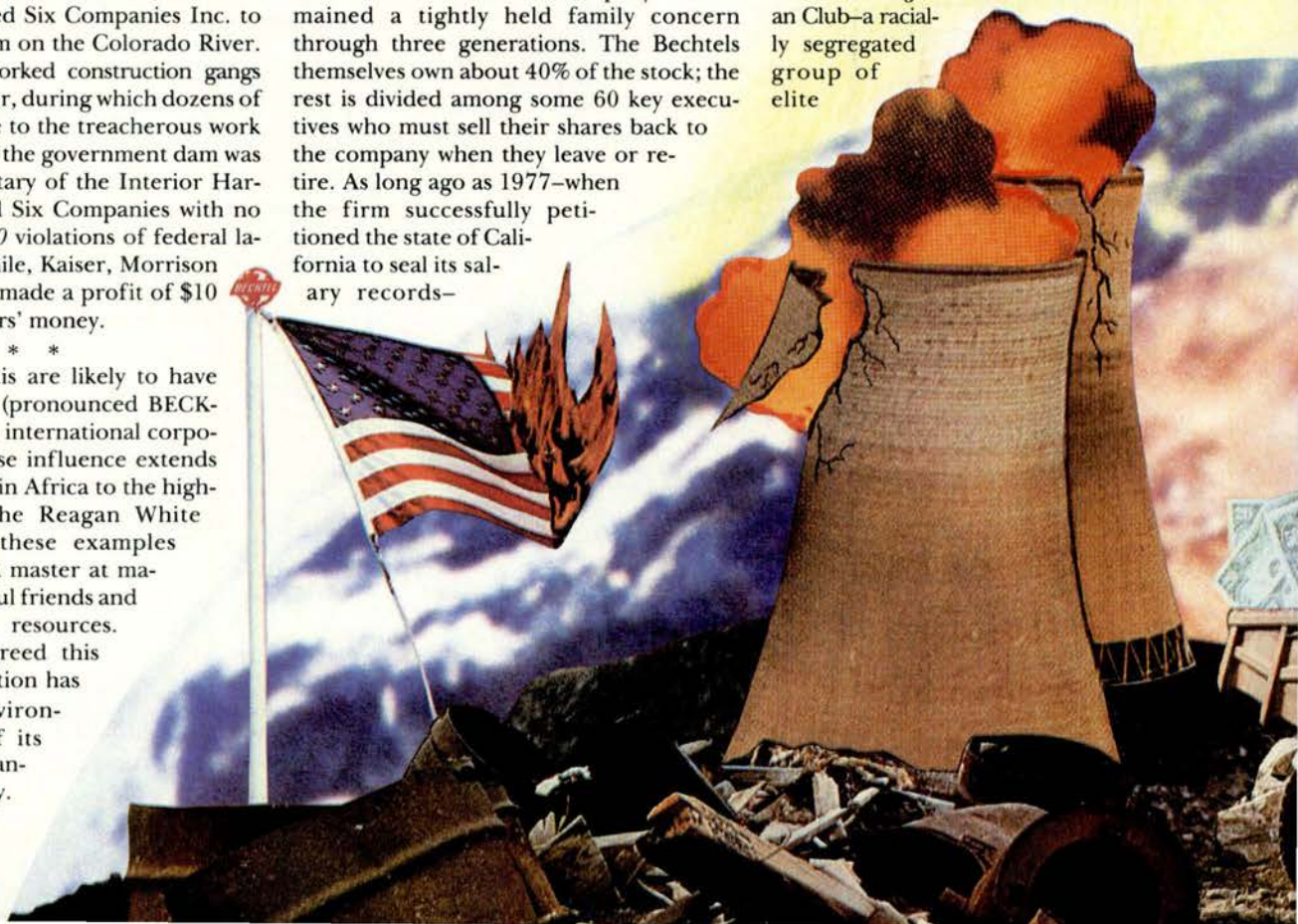
each of 26 Bechtel vice-presidents was earning at least \$150,000 a year. With an estimated worth of \$750 million, Dad Bechtel's son Stephen, 83, is believed to be one of the country's five richest men. Stephen's 59-year-old son, Stephen Jr.—now the corporation's chairman—is reportedly worth another \$200 million. When the elder Bechtel dies, Steve Jr. is likely to become the richest man in America.

Unlike companies that sell stock on the open market, Bechtel isn't required to disclose its financial arrangements to the Securities and Exchange Commission. Nor does it publish an annual report. Its dealings are thus hidden from public view, and the firm is accountable to no one but itself. That's just the way the Bechtels like it.

"Bechtel is one of the most secretive organizations in the world," a former employee told HUSTLER. "They're more secretive than the Howard Hughes organization ever was."

Protected from scrutiny, Bechtel's corporate tentacles reach wide. "Our clientele has expanded to include almost every government in the world," says company vice-president Harvey Brush. Bechtel controls 15% of Peabody Coal—the nation's largest coal company—as well as some 300,000 undeveloped acres owned by T. Boone Pickens's Mesa Petroleum Corporation. It also has a sizable stake in Dillon Read and Company, a Wall Street investment bank presided over by former Treasury Secretary C. Douglas Dillon.

Like Dad Bechtel before them, Steve Sr. and Steve Jr. are members of the Bohemian Club—a racially segregated group of elite





business and political figures. President Ronald Reagan and Vice President George Bush have attended meetings of the exclusive men's club; so have former chief executives Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford. At a rowdy three-week retreat in Northern California—where Nixon and former President Dwight D. Eisenhower were once spotted pissing on the same tree—the Bechtels have partied with Bohemian pals who control such corporations as General Electric, ITT, Mobil Oil, United Air Lines and the Bank of America.

That kind of influence has allowed Bechtel to cultivate a "revolving door" relationship between its top ranks and sensitive positions in government. Indeed, its executive roster reads like a Who's Who of America's white-male leadership. The two most important posts in Ronald Reagan's Cabinet are held by former Bechtel officers. Secretary of State George P. Shultz was the company's president from 1975 to 1982; Defense Secretary Caspar W. Weinberger served with Shultz as Bechtel's vice-president and general counsel. The longtime head of its nuclear-power division, W. Kenneth Davis, was Reagan's deputy secretary of energy until he rejoined the company in 1983. Former Mideast envoy Philip Habib is on Bechtel's payroll as a "special consultant," while CIA Director William Casey—who is an attorney—has represented many of the firm's customers in the past.

One of the company's early partners, John McCone, was director of the Atomic Energy Commission under Eisenhower, as well as director of the CIA under Presidents

John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson. Richard Helms, who was CIA chief

under Nixon and later ambassador to Iran, has worked for Bechtel in the Middle East. Bechtel's Washington consultant, Parker Hart, is a retired ambassador to Turkey and Saudi Arabia.

The list goes on and on, raising an important question: How can one company enjoy such influence without benefiting at public

***"I can guarantee you that Bechtel has been a haven for the Central Intelligence Agency," says a former employee. "There's just no two ways about it."***

expense? The answer, of course, is that it can't. Says Republican Senator Larry Pressler of South Dakota: "There is a feeling, right or wrong, that our foreign policy is widely influenced by large companies. The boys from Bechtel have too much power."

That power is wielded in a variety of ways. Take the Export-Import Bank of the United States (Eximbank), for instance. A tax-supported agency set up to fund the exports of American companies, Eximbank has a powerful advisory board whose membership once included Stephen Bechtel Sr. In the early 1970s Bechtel was able to arrange an Eximbank loan of \$67 million to finance its construction of a natural-gas pipeline in Algeria. The loan was remarkable because the bank usually refused to deal with left-wing countries like Algeria, then harboring fugitive black militant Eldridge Cleaver. Congressman Les Aspin (D-Wisconsin) called the loan a conflict of interest, but it was approved anyway. Clearly, Bechtel acts less like a business than a sovereign power itself.

Because of its worldwide activities and its close ties to Republican presidents, Bechtel has long been suspected of operating hand in glove with the CIA. At first glance there's the obvious link through

directors Casey, Helms and McCone.

In addition, a 1978 article in *Mother Jones* magazine disclosed that

two other Bechtel officers were connected to the spy agency through a bank and a law firm that served as CIA fronts. In return for acting as intelligence cover in countries such as Libya and Iran, Bechtel allegedly received information giving it a leg up on the competition in negotiating new contracts. While Bechtel denies such charges, a

former employee offers an emphatically different view.

"I can guarantee you that Bechtel has been a haven for the CIA," says Christopher Rand. "There's just no two ways about it." A writer and consultant to the oil industry, Rand worked for Bechtel from 1968 to 1971 as an administrative specialist in its international petroleum division.

"Bechtel has been used as a nest, sort of a harbor, for people in the CIA," Rand continues. "Of course, [the agents] go undercover at Bechtel. The company is very useful as a cover because as a private corporation it doesn't have to reveal much of anything to the public."

"I think this is a pact that Bechtel has made with the CIA and the federal government. Within discreet limits the government gets to use Bechtel as a cover. And in exchange for that, Bechtel gets some privileges."

Privileges? Steve Bechtel Jr. says that's something his firm would never seek. In an unusual videotape made for company employees two years ago, he said: "Having people who know government people, or your connections and all this business . . . Boy, that is not what we're trying to do. We don't ask for favors."

The facts, however, show otherwise. During the Nixon Administration, for example, the federal Cost of Living Council accused Bechtel of violating the law by overcharging its clients. George Shultz was then chairman of the council, which slapped the company with a fine of \$1.5 million. Soon, however, Shultz left the government group to join Bechtel as president. The very day he made that move, the council reduced Bechtel's fine by half.

In another instance Bechtel lobbied to build a slurry pipeline—one that would carry crushed coal and water from strip mines in Wyoming to power plants in the South. Farmers got together to oppose the \$4-billion scheme, arguing that Wyoming's scarce groundwater was needed for crops and livestock. Then, incredibly





*After saying that America needed more nuclear plants, the study's director took a job with—who else?—Bechtel.*

enough, Bechtel landed a \$418,000 contract from the Interior Department to study the feasibility of slurry pipelines. Not surprisingly, the study concluded that such pipelines were workable indeed.

"Bechtel has clearly promoted its own interests on a number of scientific panels and public-advisory agencies," says Jim Harding, director of energy projects for the environmental group Friends of the Earth. "Instead of evaluating alternative points of view fairly, it's intervened to oppose alternative positions. And the company has planted its people very high up to make sure its view of the world prevails."

Since Ronald Reagan took office, Bechtel's "view" has been well represented in the Defense Department. In August 1982 it won a \$19-million contract to develop a launching system for the controversial MX missile. The day before the contract was announced, Defense Secretary Weinberger signed a memorandum disqualifying himself from any "official acts" involving the firm he served as chief counsel. Nevertheless, his department has awarded Bechtel additional contracts

related to ICBM missiles, a new Colorado space center and the Space Shuttle program in California and Florida.

It is in the field of nuclear power, though, that Bechtel has benefited most from the government connection. Back in the 1950s, scientists predicted that more than 1,000 nuclear reactors would meet America's electrical needs by the turn of the century. As part of a "study team" with California's Pacific Gas & Electric Company, Bechtel advised the Atomic Energy Commission on how to set up its commercial power program. Shortly thereafter the firm acquired contracts to build the nation's first experimental reactor, as well as the first commercial nuclear-power plant. In 1958 Bechtel hired away the AEC's head of reactor development, Kenneth Davis, assuring its worldwide domination of nuclear construction for years to come.

But today the future of nuclear power is in doubt. Instead of hundreds, only about 80 reactors are now licensed to operate. Since 1972 nearly every plant ordered has been canceled or stopped. Decreasing demand for electricity is partly

responsible. So are skyrocketing building costs.

But another, more important factor in the downturn is public concern over accidents like the one that took place at Pennsylvania's Three Mile Island, where 140,000 residents fled in terror when the plant's reactor came within 30 to 60 minutes of a meltdown. (In nuclear power, electricity is created with heat released by splitting uranium atoms inside the reactor core. But if the pipes that carry cooling water to the reactor should ever rupture, the core would become so hot that it would melt right through its steel container. Heat and pressure would then build up rapidly, smashing the reactor-building walls and releasing huge quantities of uranium radioactivity into the environment.)

Had there been a meltdown at TMI, a radiation cloud could have killed 100,000 people instantly. Survivors could have suffered cancer and genetic defects, while billions of dollars in property could have been rendered untouchable for generations to come.

Despite the negatives, pro-nuke companies like Bechtel aren't giving up. "Nuclear plants are safe," declares the firm's Harry Reinsch. "Three Mile Island demonstrated that even major accidents do not produce any real public risk." A \$3-million federal study recently reached a similar pro-nuclear conclusion. After telling President Reagan that America "desperately" needed more nuclear plants, the study's director resigned to take a job with—who else?—Bechtel.

Thanks to gall like that, some 30% of the firm's revenues come from nuclear power. Unfortunately, its performance record in this field is downright scary. Here are just a few examples:

☆ At the San Onofre nuclear plant in San Clemente, California, in 1977 the company installed a 420-ton reactor vessel 180° backward. Even more surprising to experts, the screw-up went undetected for seven months.

☆ Five years ago in Rainier, Oregon, two utility companies sued Bechtel for \$32 million because its plant failed to meet minimum earthquake-safety standards. Walls in the control building did not contain enough reinforced steel, and they were not adequately anchored to the building's frame.

☆ Near Bombay, India, in 1972, Bechtel's Tarapur reactor suffered breakdowns, leaky fuel elements and such high radioactivity that 1,300 workers quickly reached their maximum-exposure levels. A government inspector called Tarapur a "prime candidate" for a major disaster.

☆ At Michigan's Midland nuclear plant, Bechtel knowingly constructed a  
(continued on page 66)



"Hmm . . . here's a weird news item: 'Snakes Discovered in City's Sewer System.'"

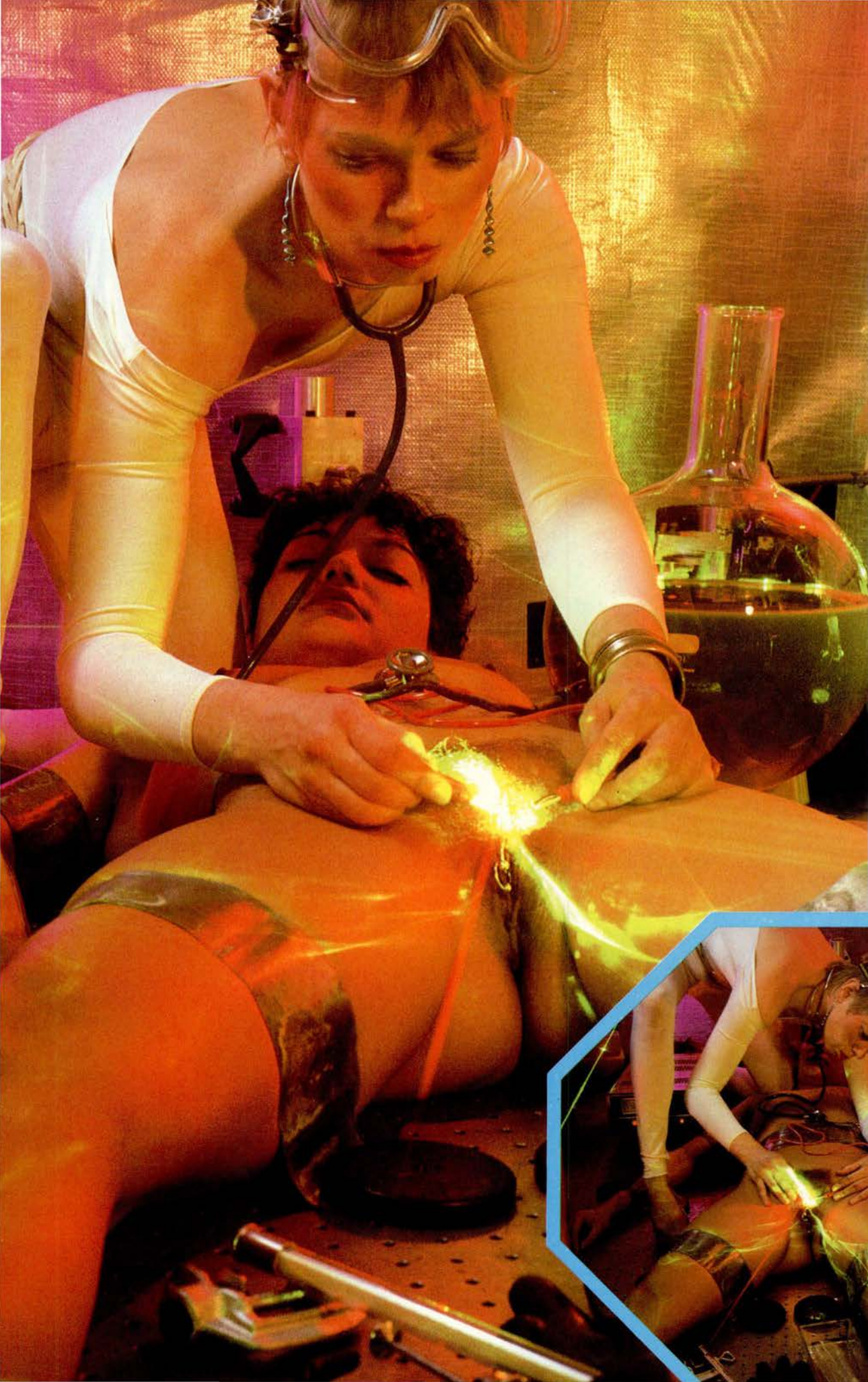




# LASER LUST

*Photography by Friedjof Versnel*



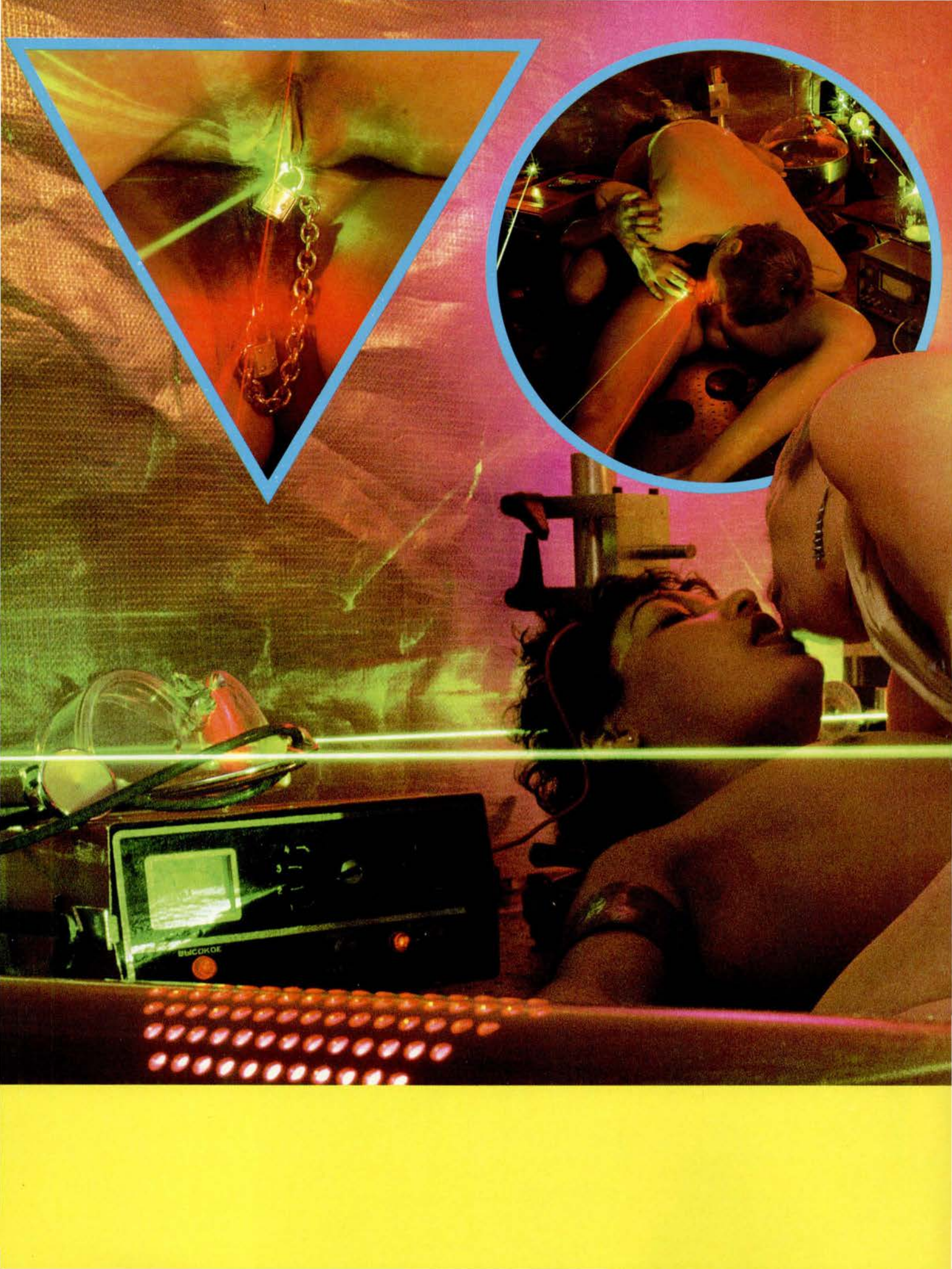






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most awesome  
inventions. It has  
been utilized in  
everything from  
diamond-cutting to  
surgery to high-  
tech communications.  
Leave it to  
**HUSTLER**—and  
Dutch photographer  
Friedjof Versnel—  
to come up with  
still another and  
even more  
imaginative use: an  
illuminating sexual  
experience.









***As the two impassioned lovers begin to feel the electricity of desire coursing wildly through their own bodies, fear of the powerful light is quickly forgotten, and soon the burning heat of intertwined flesh is matched only by the blinding energy of the laser beam itself.***



*"More than any other construction organization, Bechtel operates as if it were a law unto itself."*

diesel-generating building in substandard soil. This caused parts of the facility to crack or slide, leading to the plant's abandonment in 1982.

It may seem hard to believe, but analysts think Bechtel's nuclear-safety record is better than most. Tom Devine, legal director of the Washington-based Government Accountability Project, says the company can do "as good a job as they want"—if only a utility is willing to pay.

"However," Devine goes on, "if a utility can't pay top dollar, then Bechtel tramples on internal checks and balances, sweeps aside legal requirements for quality assurance and basically tries to ram the project through on its own timetable. More than any other construction organization, Bechtel operates as if it were a law unto itself."

Devine thinks some utility companies turn to it for that reason alone. "Bechtel offers an easy way out because it's so well connected politically. Since Bechtel has so many powerful friends, utilities think the company will be able to save time and money by sidestepping all the bother-

some nuclear-safety requirements."

But the "real loser," Devine explains, is the rate-paying public. "When Bechtel scraps the normal quality-assurance laws in rushing a project through, it takes two major risks. One is that it won't get away with it, in which case it only ends up wasting the utility's money to fix the problem. The other risk is that it *will* get away with it. The plant will be licensed even though it's in no condition to operate. That's why you end up with plants operating at far below their capacity, and consumers end up paying billions of dollars for an unsafe electricity source that can't deliver."

With new-plant construction falling off in this country, Bechtel has recently gone after a share of the so-called nuclear-cleanup market. In addition to winning a \$320-million federal contract to dispose of radioactive wastes, the company was hired to carry out the \$1-billion repair job at Three Mile Island.

At TMI three engineers soon began to notice that Bechtel wasn't following basic safety procedures set down by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. When they protested—first to Bechtel, then to the

NRC—one of them found himself stripped of his responsibilities.

That whistle-blower was Richard Parks, a senior start-up engineer with Bechtel for almost two years. After raising the safety questions, Parks says, he was "harassed and intimidated," transferred to the middle of California's Mojave Desert and finally laid off. "I happen to believe that nuclear power is an excellent technology, but it's only as safe as the men who make it," Parks says.

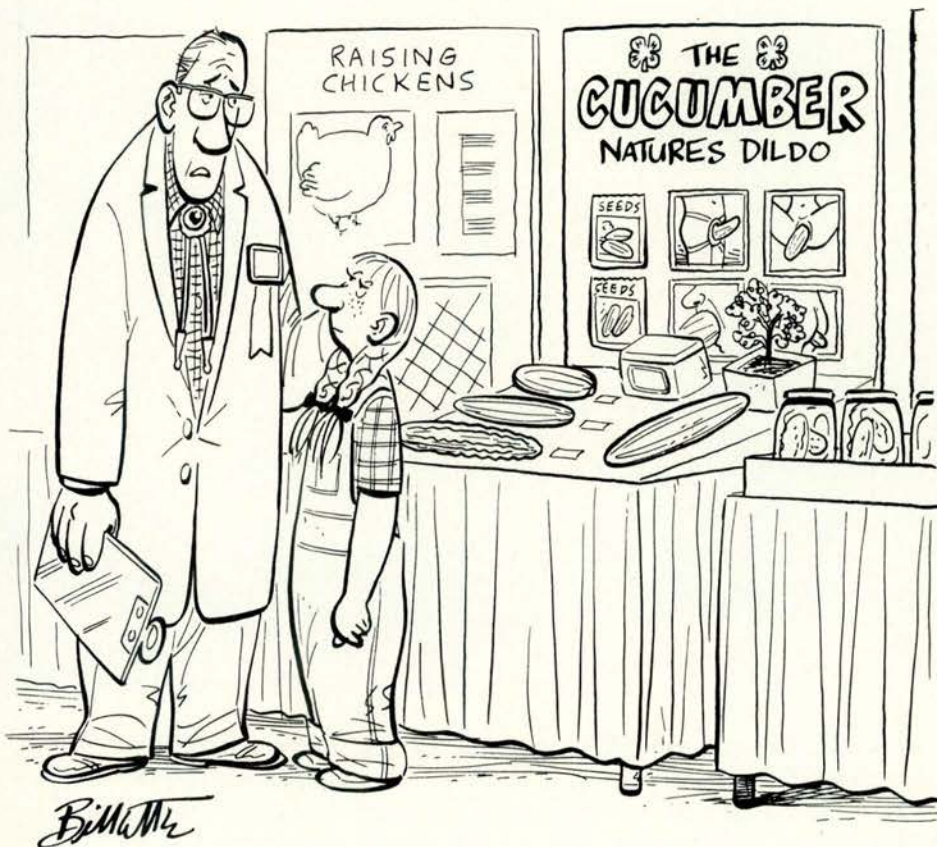
He agrees that Bechtel sometimes acts as if regulation is the enemy. "How much trust can you place in an individual or a company that does not want to be scrutinized? You can't trust *anyone* at face value—especially with something like a nuclear plant that costs \$5 billion and affects the lives of everyone around it."

Bechtel is behind a bigger, even more dangerous boondoggle in the area of "nuclear proliferation"—the worldwide spread of nuclear technology and weapons. Here's how: The uranium that's used to fuel nuclear-power plants produces a toxic by-product called plutonium. Because plutonium is so radioactive, it can be used itself to generate nuclear power. But plutonium is also the most deadly substance on Earth. It remains radioactive for 250,000 years, and even tiny amounts can cause lung and bone cancers. That's why it's the basic ingredient in nuclear bombs.

Recognizing this, President Jimmy Carter banned commercial "reprocessing" plants—where uranium is recycled into plutonium—and followed the Ford Administration's lead in discouraging the sale of advanced nuclear technology overseas. That upset Bechtel, which once tried to sell such technology to Brazil without even telling the U.S. government. In 1977 the Nuclear Energy Task Force said that Carter's policy "can have a major influence on other countries." But promoting nuclear sales, the group warned, "would accelerate worldwide interest in the use of plutonium for nuclear power and undercut efforts to limit weapons proliferation."

Due in part to Bechtel, that's exactly what's happening now. As a member of the Reagan transition team, the company's Kenneth Davis wrote a report recommending a reversal of Carter's non-proliferation policy. Reagan's trip to China in April set the stage for the sale of ten nuclear reactors there—despite evidence that China has helped Pakistan make an atomic bomb. The Administration has also lifted the reprocessing ban, allowing Bechtel to push for construction of a plant in Japan that would produce 1,200 tons of plutonium a year. A terrorist group or a hostile government would

(continued on page 84)



"Melissa... about your 4-H project..."



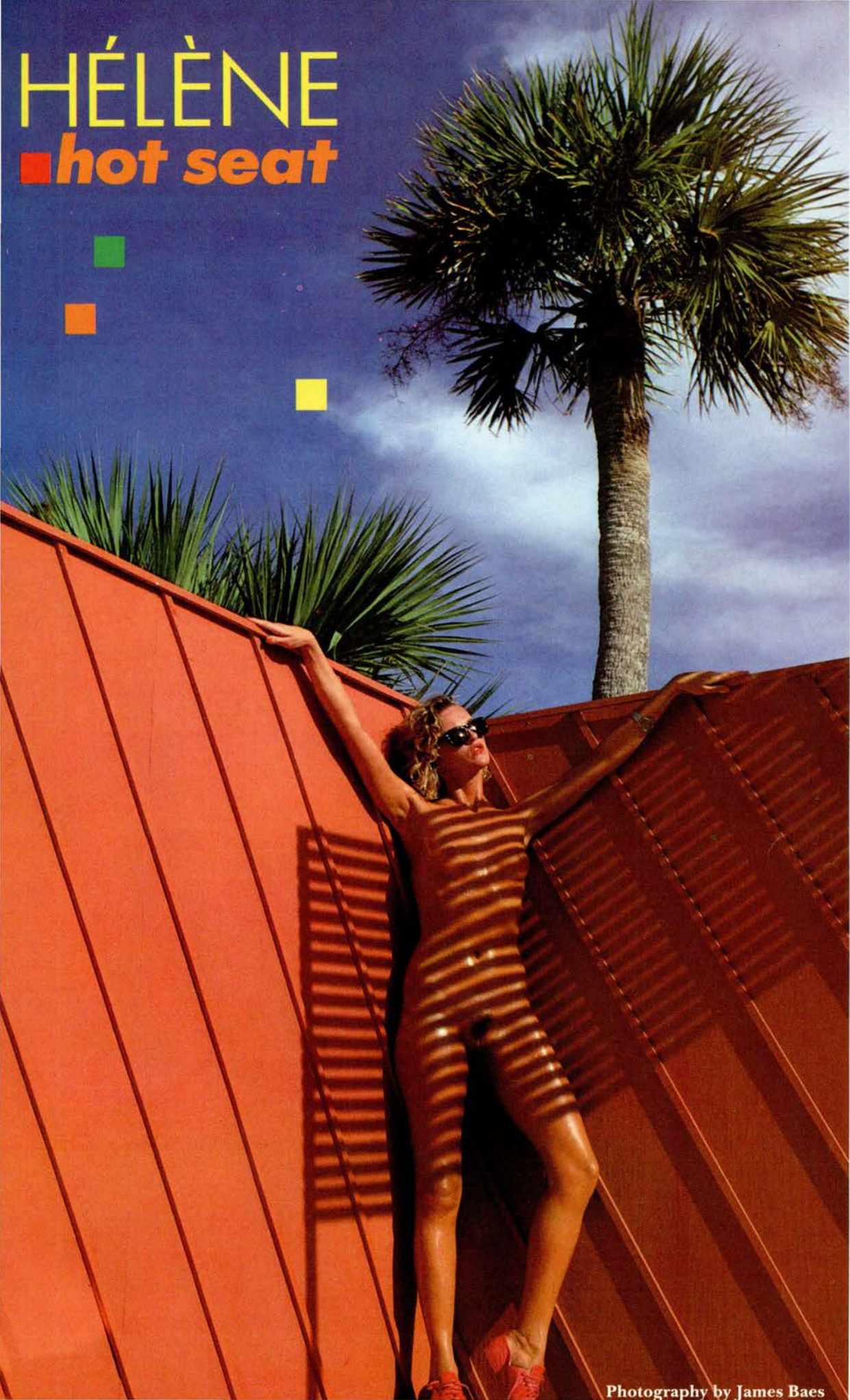


"Stop, Rowena, you're suckin' too hard!"



# HÉLÈNE

■ *hot seat*



Photography by James Baes












A full-page photograph of a woman with blonde, curly hair, wearing dark sunglasses and a yellow director's chair. She is reclining in the chair, which is set against a background of warm, reddish-brown wooden slats. She is wearing red lace-up shoes. Her skin is glistening, suggesting she is sunbathing or has been in a pool. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows and highlights. The text is positioned in the upper right corner of the image.

It didn't take long for French Canadian native H  l  ne to become accustomed to the warmth of Southern California—a sensual setting we thought ideal to display the charms of this hot-looking lady. “I adore the weather here,” the 23-year-old bookkeeper told us. “It’s great being able to run around in next to nothing, and once my body adjusted to it, I found the sunshine made me a lot more uninhibited.” But what about the Canadians’ reputation for being strait-laced when it comes to sex? “Not true!” she said emphatically. “I mean, we go at it like jackrabbits. We have to—just to keep warm. But in California you can make it anywhere, anytime, summer or winter—on the beach, by the pool, in your car on the freeway. And California men; they’re such hunks! I love them —every chance I get!”

























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# HUSTLER HUMOR

**W**hile staggering down the main street of town, a drunk somehow managed to make it up a flight of stairs into the cathedral. There he crashed from pew to pew, eventually working his way to a side aisle and into a confessional booth. A priest had been observing the man's sorry progress and, figuring the fellow was in need of some assistance, entered his own side of the confessional. But the priest's attention was rewarded only by a lengthy silence. Finally, he asked, "May I help you, my son?"

"I dunno," came the drunk's voice from behind the partition. "Got any paper on your side?"

**Q**uestion: What's a Jewish-American Princess's idea of natural childbirth?

**A**nsWER: Absolutely no makeup.

**A** Polack went to the movies, bought a ticket and walked in to see the film. A minute later he reappeared at the box office and purchased another ticket; then a few minutes after that he came back and asked for yet another.

"What's the problem?" questioned the cashier. "I've already sold you two tickets."

"I know," said the Polack. "But every time I try to get in, the guy at the door takes 'em and tears 'em up."

**T**he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *endless love* as: Ray Charles and Stevie Wonder playing tennis.

**A** housewife agreed to answer some questions from a representative of Masters and Johnson.

"Could you possibly describe the expression on your husband's face when you're having sex?" asked the pollster.

"Well, usually it's sort of contorted with tension and excitement," replied the woman. "But I do remember one time when it was contorted with anger and hate."

"Oh, really? When was that?"

"Last week," the woman responded, "when he was looking in the bedroom window."

**Q**uestion: What do you call a child raised in a house of ill repute?

**A**nsWER: A brothel sprout.

**A** fellow had gone to his doctor for a routine checkup, and when the physician entered the examination room, he said gravely, "Harry, I think you'd better sit down. I've got some good news and some bad news."

"Okay, Doc," said Harry, "give me the bad news first."

"Well," said the doctor, "you've got terminal cancer. It's spreading at an unbelievably rapid rate, it's totally inoperable, and you've only got three weeks to live."

"Geez," said Harry, wiping a bead of sweat off his brow. "What's the good news?"

"You know that really cute receptionist out front?"

"You bet!" said Harry.

"The one with the big tits and the sweet little ass?"

"Right!"

"Well," said the doctor, leaning forward with a smile, "I'm fucking her!"

**T**he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *vaginal lubricant* as: clitty slicker.

**A**t home a gay couple who had spent many years together were relaxing with some wine when one of them declared wistfully, "Our life has been so happy, but still I feel incomplete. If only we could have a child, I would be truly happy." His partner suggested that they contact their lawyer to see what could be done.

Within a few weeks a surrogate female was found, and all the necessary contracts were drawn up and signed. Nine months later the couple became the proud parents of a bouncing baby boy.

As they gazed lovingly at their child through the nursery window, the two men noticed that while most of the other infants were occasionally crying and requiring a great deal of the nurse's attention, their son just lay in his crib smiling constantly. The gays became very distraught and signaled that they wanted to speak with the nurse. "Not to worry," she told them. "As soon as we remove the pacifier from your son's ass, he'll start acting just like the rest of them!"

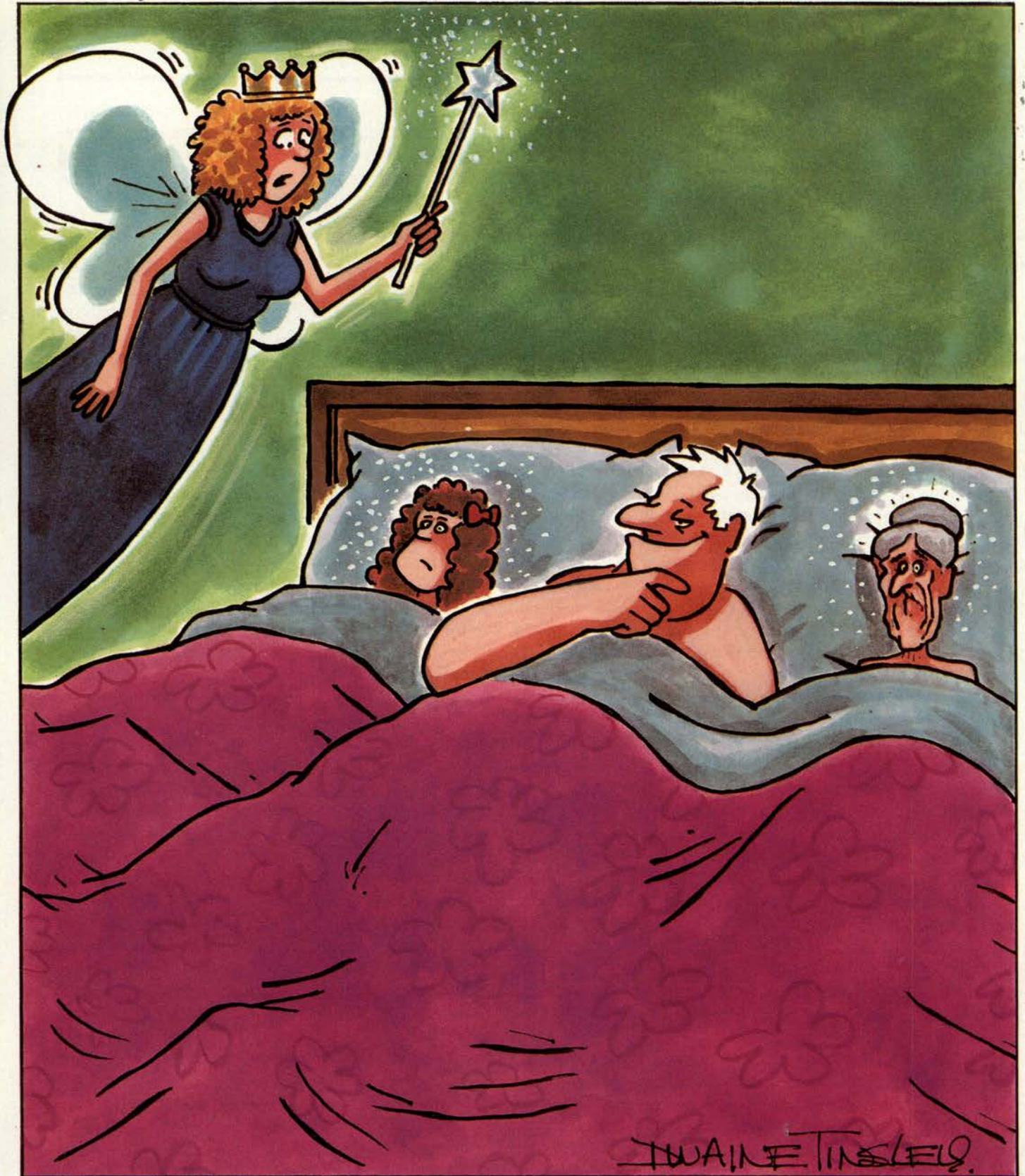
**O**ne afternoon an attractive young girl got on a bus, spotted a good-looking guy sitting alone and sat down beside him. Just then the bus hit an enormous bump, and the seats bounced, causing her to release a loud fart. Out of embarrassment, she decided to start up a conversation with the fellow next to her. "Pardon me," she asked, "but do you have a newspaper I might borrow?"

"No, I don't," the young man replied. "But I'll tell you what. We'll be going through the park in a few minutes, and I'll grab you a handful of leaves."

*HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.*



# Chester the MO'lester.



TWAIN TINSLE.

"Now, what would you like for your third wish?"





# Castration by Decree?

*In keeping with HUSTLER's long tradition of presenting even the most controversial viewpoints, we provide this space to outspoken opinion makers in politics, religion and other segments of contemporary society. This month's Guest Editorial is by Francis Baumli, Ph.D., the Missouri representative for the Coalition of Free Men and the regional chairman of Divorced Dads Inc.*

Francis Baumli, Ph.D.

**T**he crime was hideous. Enticed into an Anderson, South Carolina, motel room by three young men, a petite 80-pound woman was brutally gang-raped and tortured with a cigarette lighter in an ordeal that lasted for six hours and left her sprawled in a pool of blood. Although the victim escaped with her life, she required five days' hospitalization and will yet need psychological therapy to ease her recovery from the nightmare.

The rapists were apprehended and convicted. Judge C. Victor Pyle Jr. handed down the maximum sentence—30 years—but he added an unusual twist: He would suspend the sentence if the defendants would agree to surgical castration by a physician. In medical lingo this is a bilateral orchidectomy. In everyday English it means getting your balls cut off. Not surprisingly, the defendants refused and eventually took the 30 years.

Scholars, scientists and even high-school civics classes are debating the questions that stem from this vital ruling. Let's look at some of them:

1. What atrocities could be dictated by the courts if this type of justice were taken to the extreme? A thief might get a sentence of five years, to be suspended if he agrees to amputation of a hand. (This is a common form of punishment in Islamic nations.)

2. Some human-rights activists say that the horror of a crime is *enough*. We must not commit a second crime, a second horror, even if it seems justified.

3. Civil libertarians claim that castration is cruel and unusual punishment. Critics answer by pointing out that since our courts do not consider a 30-year sentence cruel and unusual, and since these criminals were so frightened of the 30-year conviction that they seriously considered the alternative of being castrated, then castration is no worse than incarceration and therefore is not cruel or unusual.

4. Certain scientists have pointed out that absolutely no evidence exists to indicate that castration prevents rape. Some men can continue to have intercourse after being castrated, and for those who can't, the hormone testosterone that's been removed by castration of their testes is available in pill form or by injection. It can restore both sex drive and potency.

5. Chemical castration, although more effective than the surgical technique, has been denounced as extremely dangerous. Recently, a Texas jury sentenced a rapist to ten years' probation when he volunteered for treatment with the drug Depo-Provera, which reduces the sexual appetite. But at least two men have become so depressed while on the medication that they committed suicide. Given these risks, it's possible that castration—surgical or chemical—imposes greater punishment than was originally intended.

6. Some doctors believe that performing a castration would violate their medical ethics, since the Hippocratic Oath clearly states that a physician should not give a deadly medicine to anyone if asked. But such scruples seem somewhat hypocritical when we remember that occasionally doctors are the ones called on to administer the drugs that are used in lethal-injection executions. They are also present to pronounce the condemned prisoner dead.

7. Doctors refuse to get involved in such operations for another reason: They fear that patients might later change their minds about choosing to be castrated and that they might successfully sue—thus striking a blow not only at the physician's conscience but, even more painfully, at his bank account.

8. Then comes perhaps the most persuasive argument of all: that rape is basically not a sexual act. Feminists have lobbied for years to have it treated as a crime of violence and not a "sexual" crime. If rape is considered an act of violence, they argue, the victims of rape will be subjected to less harassment by defense attorneys about their previous sexual conduct, and because an act of violence is more easily defined, convictions will be easier.

After all these questions are debated, the fact remains that castration is a punishment that involves the physical and psychological mutilation of an already-very-sick person. While this may bother some, it obviously doesn't trouble us enough to face the issue squarely and decide that castration as a punishment is wrong.

Surely we all agree that our society should not subscribe to the rule of an eye for an eye. Thieves should not



be getting their hands chopped off. In our country this would be cruel and unusual punishment. Why, then, can't we agree that castrating a rapist is cruel and unusual punishment? Is it because when we get down to basics, it's not society's attitude toward the *criminal*, but society's attitude toward the criminal as a *man* that gives credibility to this barbaric judgment?

Many people believe that when a woman commits a crime, it's a "fall from grace," not something she would

Let's look at one hypothetical case: The 23-year-old mother of a two-year-old daughter is excitedly making last-minute preparations for dinner with a new boyfriend. She's wearing a dress that she bought especially for the occasion. The mother reaches down to pick up her little girl, who promptly vomits all over the mother's new outfit. In a fury the woman throws the child down; she falls against a wooden chair, bumping her head. When the girl cries loudly, her mother angrily shoves her

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## *While feminists demand that the female genitalia be treated as beautiful, men are taught to think of their penises as "tools"—weapons with which to "fuck a woman's brains out."*

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do without a push from a man. Men, they maintain, are brats at birth, destructive vandals as they enter adolescence and later, sexual beasts. A man doesn't fall from grace when he commits a crime. He does exactly what society expects of men. And society responds by punishing him.

But how do we punish a *woman* when she violates our expectations of her by committing a crime? We handle her with kid gloves. Women are too moral, too sacred, too idealized, too much a part of the American institution—apple pie and motherhood—to consider punishing them as we would men. But we can castrate a rapist because we can be sure that he is a *man*.

The average male seems to share society's negative image of masculine sexuality. While feminists demand that the female genitalia be treated as beautiful, men are taught to think of their penises as "tools"—weapons with which to "fuck a woman's brains out." Feminist Andrea Dworkin spouts laughable clichés about how "ejaculation is the male [symbol] for all violence in the world." And Susan Brownmiller and a number of other misguided feminist authors say that "every man is a rapist."

If a woman is raped or mutilated in a film, people scream that she is being reduced to a sexual object. But the audience is likely to roar with laughter if a man gets kicked in the groin. So violent attitudes toward men—whether mutilating or killing them in war, harming their bodies for entertainment in movies or castrating them for rape—fit more or less into the existing order of things.

"But rape is such a *horrible* crime!" many would protest. "Castration is justified in such cases!"

Indeed, rape is a horrible crime. But let's look at another horrible crime: Child abuse, in its extreme forms, is at least as violent and as abhorrent as rape. According to research by Kenneth Pangborn, president of MEN International—a men's-rights organization—two-thirds of child abusers are divorced mothers who (in company with their subsequent male companions) have custody of their children. And Pangborn finds that in the most serious child-abuse cases, where children are maimed or murdered, women are the criminals 91.7% of the time.

daughter several more times against the chair. The child finally shuts up because she's unconscious from a fractured skull.

Of course, the mother has reasons for acting this way. She has had a hard life. She grew up in poor surroundings, has been under a great deal of stress recently and is on bad terms with her former husband. All of this might amount to an excuse, but it's no worse than the environment in which Judge Pyle's convicted rapists grew up. So we must not talk about excuses.

The woman is arrested and convicted of child abuse. But now a question arises: Was hers a crime of violence or a crime of motherhood? It is violent, yes. But more important, she violated her motherly instincts. She committed a crime against what we like to think of as the sanctity of motherhood.

Consistent with Judge Pyle's reasoning, her sentence should be 30 years' incarceration or voluntary submission to a hysterectomy. In other words, she can stay out of jail if she agrees to have her ovaries removed.

After the operation the woman can have no more children to abuse. She is effectively punished, and considering the shame this punishment carries with it, she is sure to be effectively rehabilitated.

Or *is* she? If she has a pattern of violence toward her daughter, how will a hysterectomy prevent her from abusing the child again? Or abusing someone else's child if she's prevented from having any more of her own?

In other words—apart from whether you consider such involuntary operations morally defensible—it just won't work. The offending organ, in the case of both rape and child abuse, is not the penis or the ovaries but the human brain, and short of lobotomy or execution, there's no way to purify it of the dark impulses that make some of us act less than human. These are terrible crimes, and they must be treated as such—but let's not try to redeem the humanity of those who commit them by betraying our own humanity.

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*Readers who wish to comment on Francis Baumli's Guest Editorial are encouraged to address HUSTLER's Feedback section (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054).* 🐾



## BAD COMPANY (continued from page 66)

*"Since the company's privately owned, it doesn't have to say much about anything. There's nobody to answer to."*

need only 15 pounds of the stuff to make a Nagasaki-scale bomb.

"A lot of Bechtel people have run around the world offering nuclear technology as a way of cementing relations between the U.S. and other nations," says environmentalist Harding. That's not only dangerous, he contends; it could trigger World War III.

"If you look at the confrontations between the superpowers since Hiroshima and Nagasaki, virtually all have taken place in the Third World," Harding says. "If nations such as Brazil and Argentina, India and Pakistan, Taiwan and China all have bombs, the likelihood of them being used in conflict is much higher than is the likelihood of nuclear conflict breaking out first between the U.S. and Russia. . . . Once one nuclear weapon is used, it will be very difficult to keep the war from escalating."

\* \* \*

Whatever the Bechtel project, throughout the firm's 86-year history greed and irresponsibility have gone hand in hand. Begun in Oklahoma when Dad Bechtel hired out his mules to grade

a railroad line, the company spent its first decades constructing railroads using poorly paid gangs of immigrant and itinerant laborers. Next it moved into pipelines, highways and oil refineries.

Following construction of the Hoover Dam in the 1930s, Dad's son Stephen became partners with a young steel salesman named John McCone—the future head of the CIA. While the two men first intended to concentrate on refineries and chemical plants, by 1937 they saw greater potential in building ships. But to enter that field, they needed the backing of Henry Kaiser and Harry Morrison of the Six Companies group.

"Shipbuilding seemed about ripe to become big-volume business," Stephen Bechtel recalls. "Therefore it was a real possibility for our kind of operations. [But] I didn't get very far. Nobody [in the Six Companies] seemed very interested."

When war broke out in Europe, though, the other members of the group finally came around. Not long after a lunch in Washington, D.C., attended by Stephen Bechtel, McCone and Admiral Harold Vickery of the U.S. Maritime

Commission, Six Companies Inc. landed government contracts to build nearly one-third of America's seagoing fleet.

In Los Angeles, Bechtel-McCone's Calship Corporation became one of the most active shipyards in the country. Bechtel's Marinship Corporation turned out still more tankers, oilers and cargo vessels at Sausalito, on San Francisco Bay. With a payroll of nearly 250,000 workers, the Bechtel facilities had produced 560 ships by the end of World War II. And while the workers' wages were frozen as part of the war effort, Bechtel and McCone became very rich.

The nation discovered just how rich when McCone was later nominated to become undersecretary of defense. During his confirmation hearings the General Accounting Office charged that McCone and his shipbuilding associates had made a \$44-million profit—at the taxpayers' expense—on a personal investment of \$100,000.

After World War II, Bechtel moved vigorously into the Middle East. In 1948 the firm landed a \$230-million contract to build the world's longest pipeline, a 1,100-mile system linking Persian Gulf oil fields with the port of Sidon in Lebanon. That job led to more Middle East work: airports and highways for Saudi Arabia, refineries in Kuwait, a pipeline connecting Syria and Iraq.

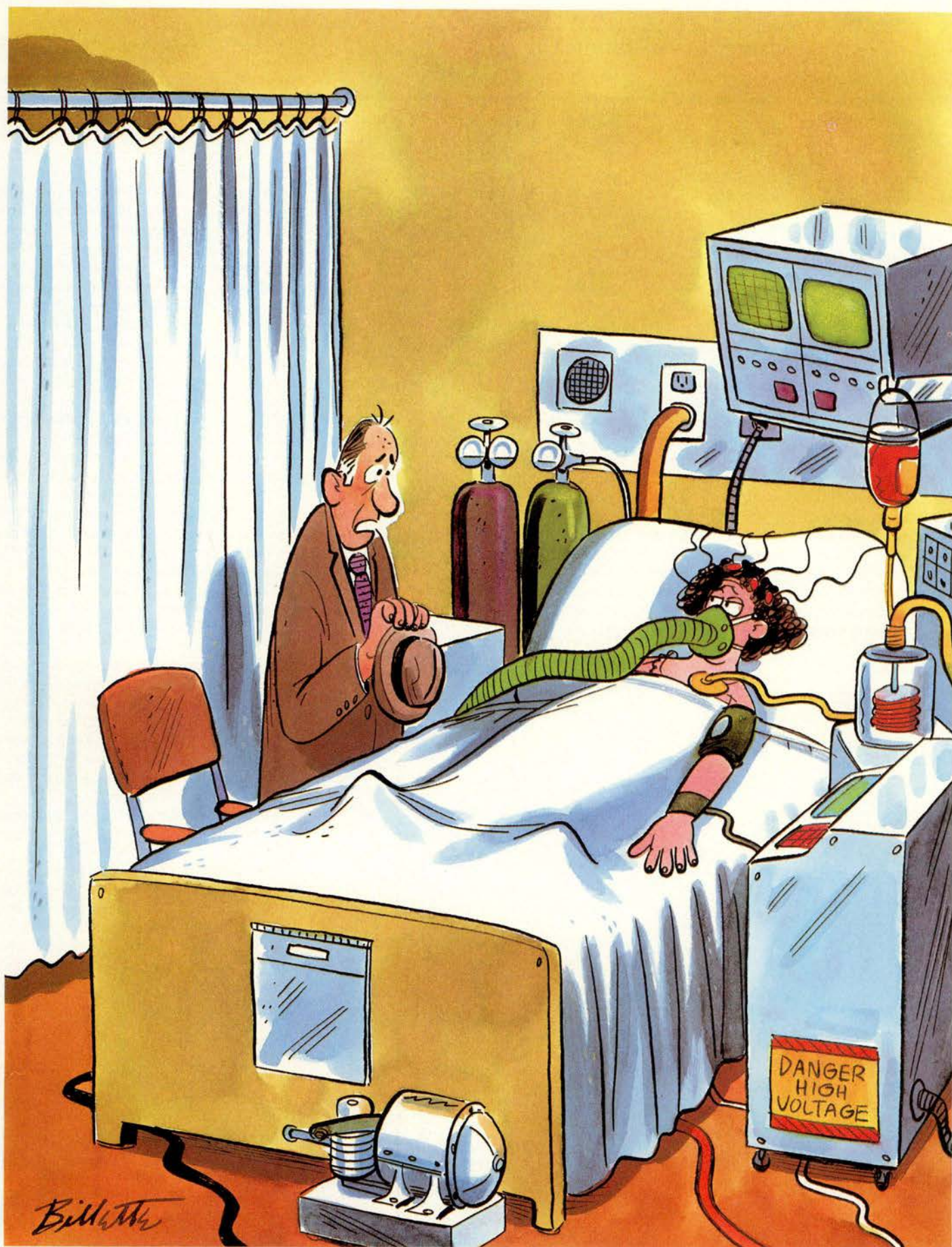
According to former Bechtel employee Christopher Rand, "a lot of people have been killed in those places" because of poor safety procedures and sloppy workmanship. "I know of 12 or 13 people Bechtel has lost in Libya during the past 15 years alone," Rand says. "There's probably been more. Most of these areas are so far out in left field that nobody but Bechtel knows what's going on. And since the company's privately owned, it doesn't have to say much about anything. There's really nobody to answer to."

At a place in Libya called Zuetinia, Rand recalls, one worker burned to death while welding a line without the proper equipment. When Bechtel electrician John Maguire protested mismanagement, he claims a supervisor told him he'd be killed if he didn't leave the country. Maguire prudently did so.

Closer to home, Bechtel's record has been just as shoddy. In San Francisco and Washington, D.C., rapid-transit systems the company designed have been criticized for structural failures and severe cost overruns. At Canada's James Bay hydroelectric project—marked by still more cost overruns—a government commission said Bechtel gave in to the "insatiable demands" of union racketeers. In the mid-1970s the company was fired as manager of the Alaska oil pipeline. While Bechtel was supposed to enforce quality control,







"I've got to pull your plug, Helen . . . the electric bills are killing me."



## BAD COMPANY (continued from page 84)

*"Most of its contracting has been accomplished with the help of government. That's not 'free enterprise.'"*

a report found poor control "from the start"—including 4,000 "questionable" pipeline welds.

"Bechtel's intent was simply not to pay attention to environmental matters unless they were forced to," says Gil Zemansky, a veteran engineer who monitored the project for the Alaska Department of Environmental Conservation. "If quality problems were getting in the way, there was great economic incentive to ignore the problems and go ahead anyway. That's because bonuses for fast construction were built into the contracts. Sometimes that meant they had to cover up the quality problems, like they did with the welds."

Because he'd been aware of Bechtel's reputation as a fairly competent builder, Zemansky was surprised by its performance. "Aside from environmental issues, Bechtel simply didn't seem to know what they were doing from an engineering standpoint," he says. "Some of the things were fairly common-sense matters, like putting in a drinking-water well *downstream* from a sewage-disposal point. That's pretty sloppy engineering. Even if you don't care about what happens to the

environment, you should be concerned about sewage in your drinking water.

"They did that at a place called Prospect. Then, because they'd detected some bacteria in the water supply, they wanted to go in and put in a *second* well alongside the first one. I told them that was against state regulations, and I refused to approve a second well. But they went ahead and put it in anyway. Later on the whole thing became contaminated when they had a major oil spill."

On a few occasions Bechtel's devious methods have been exposed. That happened in New Jersey in 1969 when company managers were caught bribing municipal officials during construction of a pipeline. In 1975 five Bechtel employees were indicted for extorting kickbacks in connection with a power plant in Maryland. One year later the Justice Department sued the firm, claiming Bechtel violated antitrust laws by honoring an Arab boycott of Israel.

In 1980, 8,000 women employed by Bechtel became eligible to share a \$1.4-million settlement after winning a landmark sex-discrimination suit against the

company. Last spring Bechtel was in trouble again. According to news reports, a federal grand jury was probing charges that the company had bribed officials in South Korea to win nuclear-power contracts. Of course, Bechtel denied any wrongdoing. It usually does.

Most of Bechtel's problems, the company believes, stem from meddling, know-nothing bureaucrats. "Americans today are faced with a threat to two of the principles on which this country was founded," Steve Bechtel Jr. proclaimed in a speech at Purdue University. "Those of a free-market economy and of individual freedom of choice. All Americans should insist on maintaining the free-market system unless there is a compelling reason to do otherwise. And we must insist that the government's primary role be the guarantee and protection of our individual freedom."

One citizen has fought for those very principles—against Bechtel—since the mid-1970s. The 63-year-old wife of a Midwestern farmer, she first tangled with the company over its slurry-coal pipeline scheme. This led her to investigate the firm across the board—and to prepare an 800-page report documenting Bechtel's history of mismanagement and deceit.

"Bechtel is not about free enterprise at all," says the woman, who asked that her real name be withheld for fear of reprisal from the company. "Free enterprise is built on the premise that you have all these buyers and sellers competing fairly with each other. But because Bechtel learned early how to manipulate power, most of its contracting has been accomplished with the help of the government. That's not 'free enterprise.' That's the corporate-industrial state.

"And really," she adds, "isn't that what they have in Russia?"

\* \* \*

Not surprisingly, the Bechtel Group Inc. rarely talks to reporters. "There's no reason to hear of us," Steve Jr. once explained. "We're not selling the public." Even so, company spokesman Tom Flynn said the firm would consider my request for an interview. Two weeks and ten phone calls went by with Flynn or his secretary putting me off each time. Determined to force the issue, I flew to the corporation's headquarters in San Francisco.

Inside the lobby of Bechtel's sleek, 23-story building on Beale Street, blue-coated guards watched closely as I phoned Flynn's office, somewhere overhead.

"We've given the interview a great deal of consideration," Flynn's voice announced. "But we've decided we're not going to be able to participate."

"Can I ask why not?"

"Because it's for HUSTLER Magazine."

A moment later Flynn hung up. ☛



*"... And frankly, George, you'll never amount to shit in politics with that 'cannot tell a lie' attitude!"*



MADAL  
A BERNAL  
EN TIJUANA

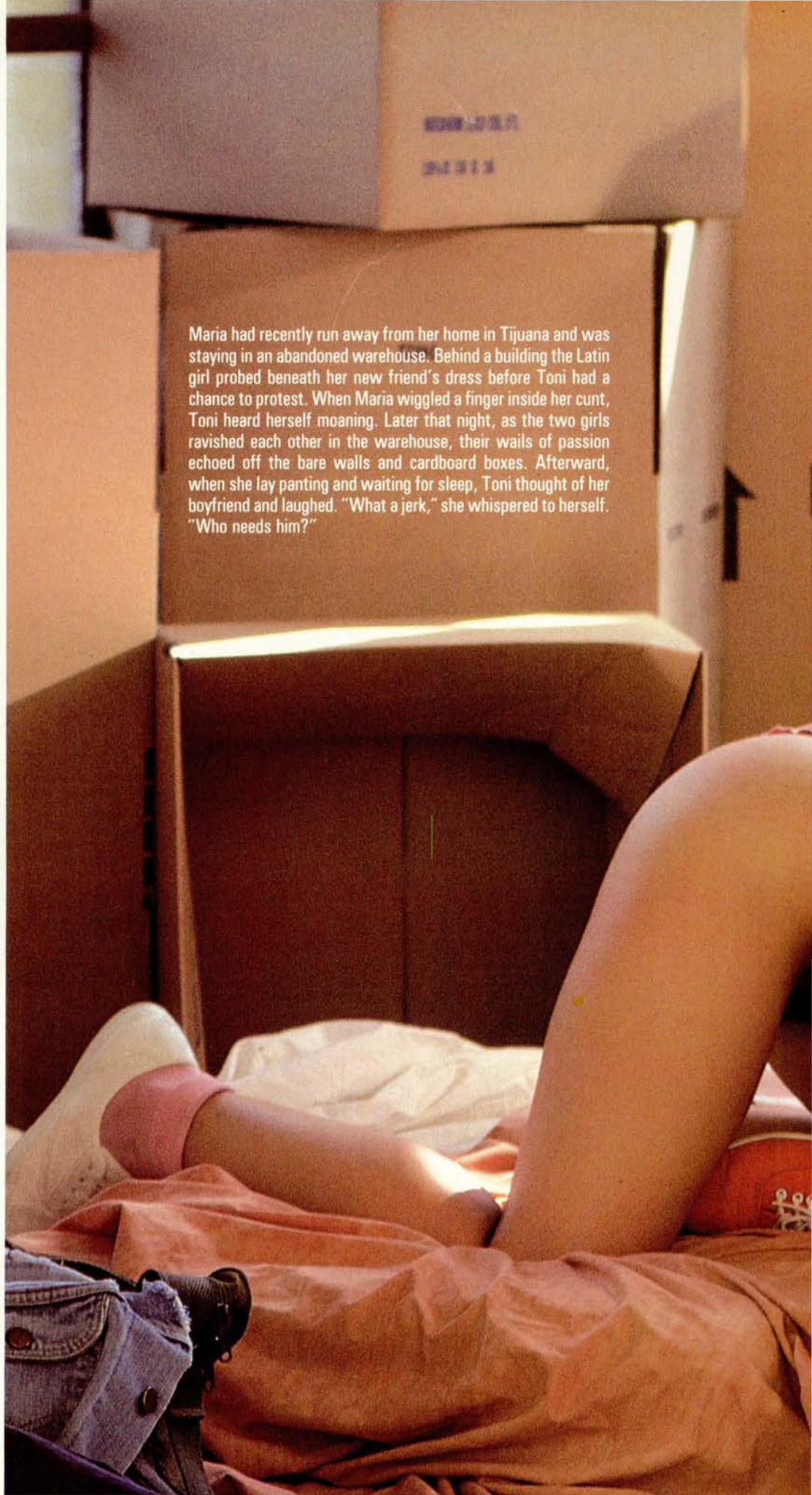
## Ravishing Runaways

Things weren't going so great for Toni. Back in Omaha the girl's parents were on her case, and her boyfriend had fallen for a cockteasing cheerleader. So Toni split to Los Angeles to check out the scene. Wandering around the barrio, she found herself even lonelier than before. Then a cute, Mexican girl approached her. "Hi. My name is Maria. You want somewhere to stay?"





Maria had recently run away from her home in Tijuana and was staying in an abandoned warehouse. Behind a building the Latin girl probed beneath her new friend's dress before Toni had a chance to protest. When Maria wiggled a finger inside her cunt, Toni heard herself moaning. Later that night, as the two girls ravished each other in the warehouse, their wails of passion echoed off the bare walls and cardboard boxes. Afterward, when she lay panting and waiting for sleep, Toni thought of her boyfriend and laughed. "What a jerk," she whispered to herself. "Who needs him?"







































By the next afternoon Maria and Toni were back on the streets of the barrio in search of further adventures. Before long they picked up a young brunette—yet another runaway just looking for love.



## ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION (continued from page 42)

*One researcher saw a blinded rabbit, squealing, clawing at itself and trying to escape from its tormentors.*

finement and then forcibly impregnated them on what they called a "rape rack." The results exceeded their expectations.

"Not even in our most devious dreams could we have designed a surrogate as evil as these real monkey mothers," Harlow gloated. When the babies were born, the poor, tormented mothers, which had never in their lives experienced love, crushed the infants' skulls and smashed their faces—perhaps to save their offspring from the tortures of the psychologist's brutal world.

"Many of us in all periods of history, including this one, have been specialists in inhumanity," Harlow admitted. Are vivisectionists—those who experiment on live animals—all specialists in inhumanity, as anti-vivisectionists claim? Or, despite the cruelty of their experiments, are they for the most part serious researchers to whose work humanity must be indebted?

Is the wholesale slaughter of animals crucial to scientific progress, or is it—in the words of Dr. G. F. Walker, an anti-vivisectionist—"the most grotesque and fantastic error ever committed in the whole range of human intellectual

activity"?

It's either your dog or your baby, the experimenters argue. In other words, the justification for the cruelty inflicted on millions of innocent creatures is that they must be sacrificed to save human lives or at least to ultimately understand human behavior better. Would you rather they experimented on your baby or your dog?

After all, the researchers point out, Louis Pasteur used animals to develop the rabies vaccine, Robert Koch used cows to discover the germ theory of disease, and Elie Metchnikoff and Paul Ehrlich found a cure for syphilis by experimenting on apes. In our own day heart transplants, coronary-bypass surgery, chemotherapy (chemical treatment for cancer), kidney dialysis and blood transfusions have all been developed through vivisection. Polio and smallpox have been eradicated. A cure for cancer is supposedly "just around the corner."

"Where would our society be without the kind of advances that have been made from a medical point of view?" asks Dr. Richard Traysman of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. "The human population

is not an experimental animal." Hence medical progress depends upon the use of "animal models."

So does consumer welfare. To protect the public, the Food and Drug Administration and the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission both demand that manufacturers submit to rigorous tests the 600 to 1,000 new products they introduce into the market each year. These include not only new drugs, but also products such as antifreeze, brake fluids, bleaches, oven cleaners, inks, hair sprays, deodorants and even zipper lubricants. Unfortunately, goes the argument, these tests require the use of animals; how else are we to find out whether these products are safe for human consumption?

The "Lethal Dose 50%" test determines how much of a toxic substance must be ingested before half of the experimental animals die. Since it's hard to get animals to swallow antifreeze, bleach, detergent or whatever it may be, they are either force-fed, or it's applied to their vagina, rectum or eyes.

In the Draize test, rabbits are used to figure out how irritating a substance may be to the human eye. Restrained in stocks from which only their heads protrude, they are forced to endure having highly irritating substances—a new shampoo, for instance—dripped into their eyes. The testers record the reactions every 24, 48 and 72 hours—reactions that may include "ulceration of the cornea, inflammation of the iris, hemorrhage, gross destruction . . . or . . . obvious swelling." Before the use of the restraining stocks came into fashion, one researcher at a major laboratory saw a blinded rabbit holding its eye shut, squealing, clawing at itself and trying to escape from its tormentors.

But after all, the experimenters insist, it's only a rabbit—or dog or cat or cow or monkey. In the jargon of science, lab animals are called "models" or "tools for research." After severing the monkey heads and keeping them alive in fluid, Case Western Reserve University's Dr. Robert White explained to an interviewer that his main purpose was "to offer a living laboratory tool: a monkey 'model' in which and by which we can design new operative techniques for the brain." The implication is clear: Monkeys aren't human; so why should we care about them?

This arrogant attitude toward animals was evident when the Public Broadcasting System brought together Harvard philosophy professor Robert Nozick and three vivisectionists for a taped discussion in December 1974. Nozick asked his guests whether the fact that an experiment would kill hundreds of animals was ever regarded by scientists as a reason for not performing it. "Not that I know of," one of the scientists answered.



*"Howard, you have to stop working at that nuclear-power plant . . . my tonsils are starting to glow."*



LORD, I  
HATE  
MONDAYS...



THANKS TO THE LINE



## ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION (continued from page 98)

*"A medical student doesn't learn surgery by chopping up dogs, but by assisting in a human operating room."*

"Don't the animals count at all?" Nozick pressured him.

"Why should they?" answered Dr. Adrian Perachio of the Yerkes Regional Primate Research Center at Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia.

A professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dr. David Baltimore, added that animal experimentation involved no moral issue at all.

So the argument persists that it's either your dog or your baby. Or is it? In the past 60 years, according to Humane Society records, animals have been drugged with cocaine in 500 experiments, starved in 550 others and irradiated with cancer an estimated 38,000 times. They have been blinded in more than 600 experiments, burned in 650 and asphyxiated 875 different times. Animal brains have been operated on in 1,925 experiments, and their spines have been crushed in 400. In 500 experiments one animal has been *sewn* to another. Have the ends justified the means? Can such means *ever* be justified?

Anti-vivisectionists respond to both questions with a resounding no. They dis-

agree passionately with the claims, assumptions and moral values of the scientific and medical establishment. "The practice of using animals as living laboratory tools is archaic," says Raini Sequoya, director of the Florida-based National Animal Rights Inc. "You cannot pit life against life; you cannot end pain and suffering by inflicting *more* pain and suffering."

Animals are living beings capable of feeling, say the anti-vivisectionists. By what right do we terrorize and torture them? On what basis dare we assume that we are superior to other creatures because they are born into a different species? "The question is not can they *reason*? Can they *talk*?" wrote 19th-century philosopher Jeremy Bentham. The question is, he said, "Can they *suffer*?"

It's not just the evil of animal experimentation that anti-vivisectionists oppose. Experimentation on living animals, they argue, isn't only violently cruel; it's dangerously misleading, a waste of public funds and an outrageous lie. In Sequoya's words, "The public must be educated to the fact that tax dollars are being

squandered in what may be the most far-reaching hoax ever to be perpetrated on the American people."

"Even the Pharaohs knew that to find out whether their food was poisoned, they had to try it on the cook, not on the cat," writes Hans Ruesch, author of the devastating book *Slaughter of the Innocent*. Like hundreds, if not thousands, of other anti-vivisectionists, Ruesch points out that different animals react to substances differently from one another and certainly from man; every single commercial or pharmaceutical product, every single surgical technique, every new supposed "cure" that has been tried out first on animals "must be tried out again on man." This rule, he insists, "knows no exceptions."

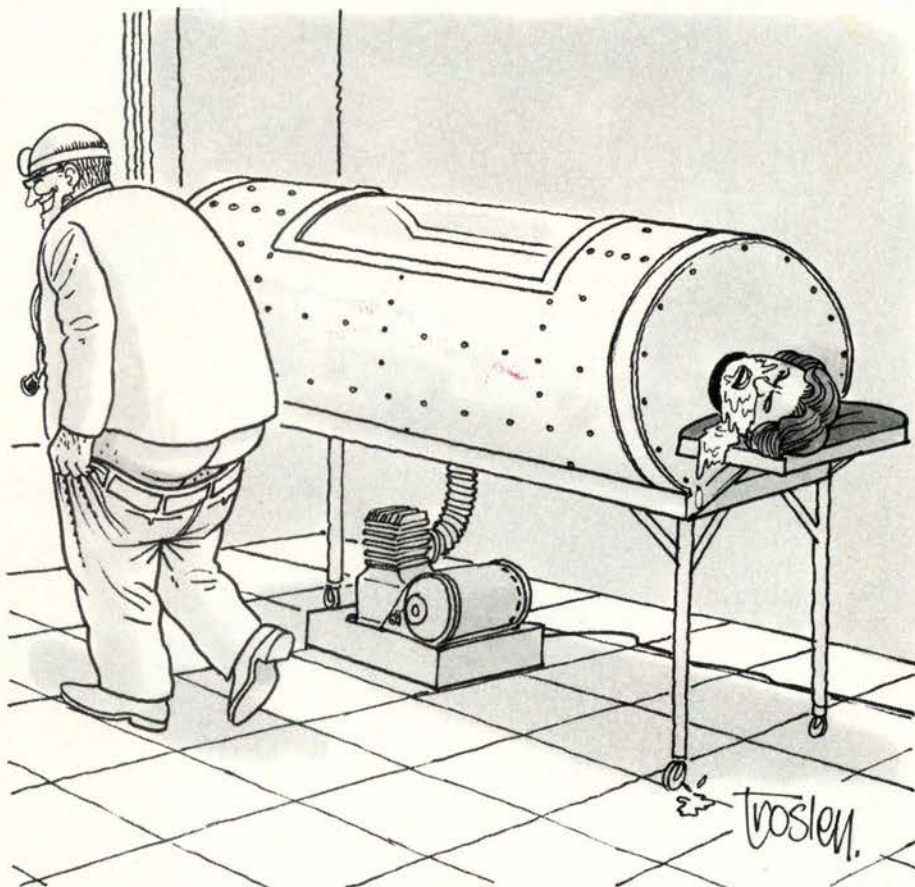
This is no farfetched claim from a fanatic opponent of animal experimentation; many medical researchers agree. "A medical student doesn't learn surgery by chopping up dogs, but by watching and assisting in a human operating room," says Dr. Martin P. Koke; and his words are echoed by eminent physicians.

"Any work which seeks to [explain] the cause of disease, the mechanism of disease, the cure of disease or the prevention of disease must begin and end with observations on man," insists Sir George Pickering, professor of medicine at England's Oxford University. And Rene Dubos, professor of microbiology at Rockefeller University in New York City—a hotbed of live experimentation—points out that whatever a surgeon may learn from operating on animals, the first time he operates on the lungs, the heart or the brain of a human being, he is still only experimenting. "Knowledge derived from animal experimentation," Dubos concludes, "is never entirely applicable to the human species."

The problem is deeper and more troubling, however, because so long as scientists blind themselves to the hypocrisy of vivisection, the more tragedy is in store for human beings. Based on experiments performed with animals, pharmaceutical companies claimed that such drugs as Paracetamol, Isoproterenol, Oraflex, MER/29 and Metaqualone were safe for human consumption.

But the painkiller Paracetamol caused 1,500 people to be hospitalized in Great Britain in 1971. Used to treat asthma, Isoproterenol killed so many thousands of people that Dr. Paul Stolley called it "the worst therapeutic drug disaster on record." Oraflex—prescribed to relieve arthritis pain—caused fatal kidney damage. Metaqualone—developed as a sleeping pill—caused psychic disturbances leading to at least 366 deaths.

The list goes on. Both the sons and the  
*(continued on page 110)*



*"I expected a little more understanding from you, Doctor..."*





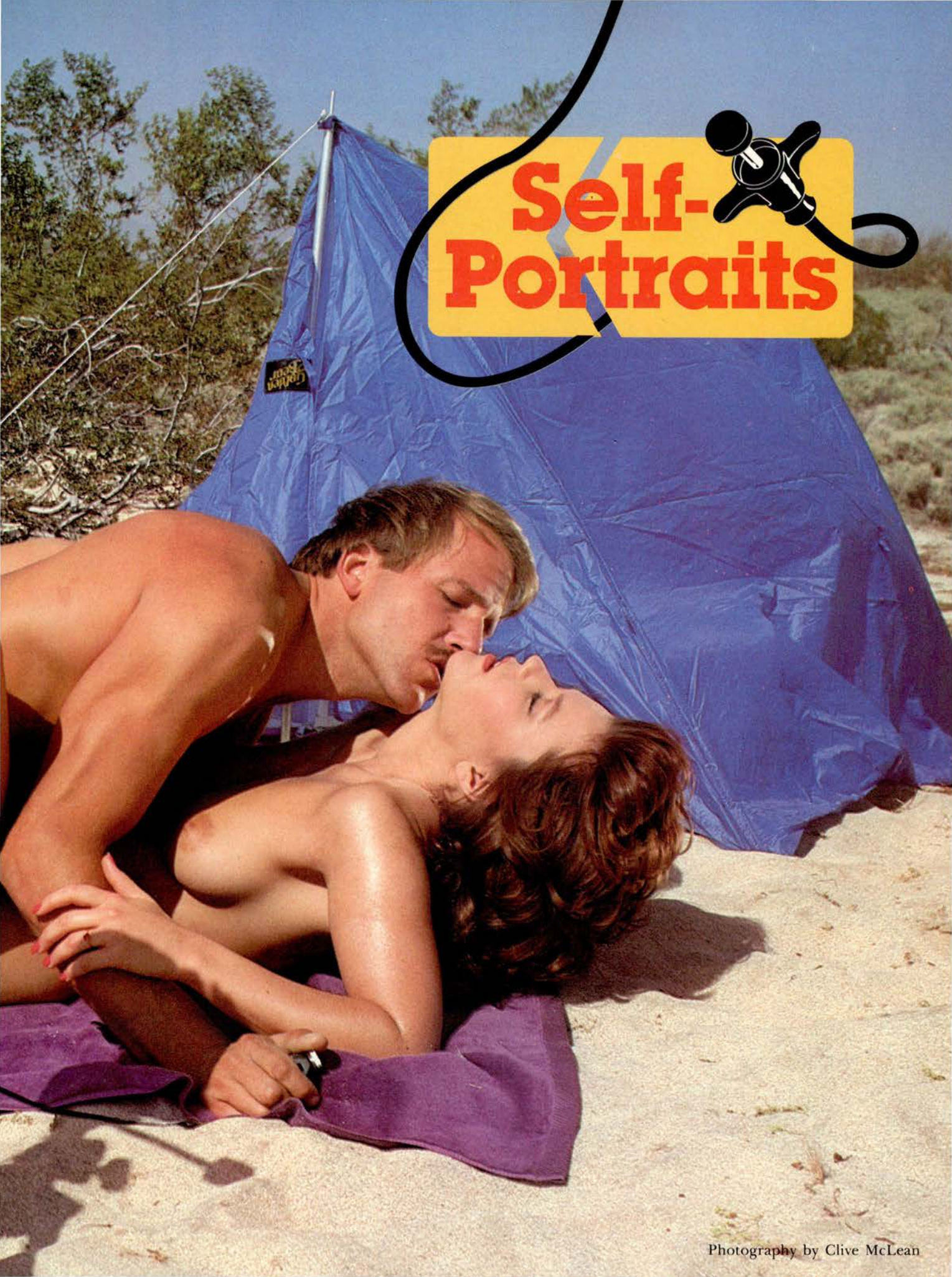
"... And you wonder why we never get invited anywhere."





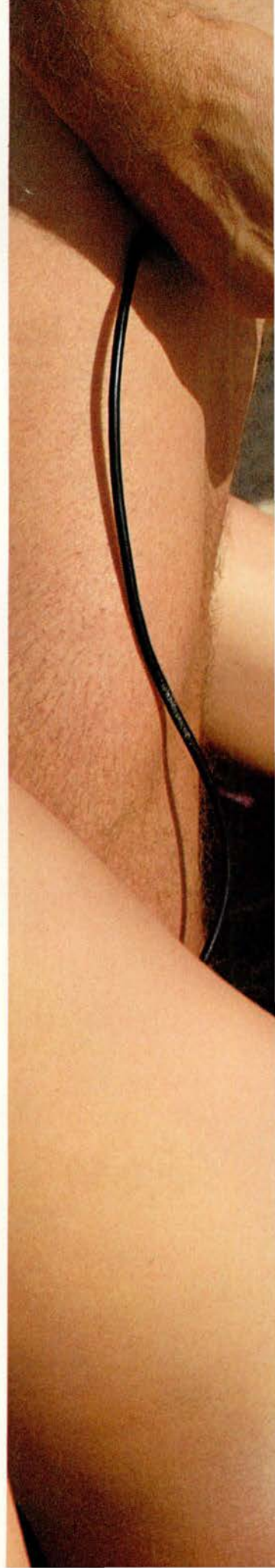
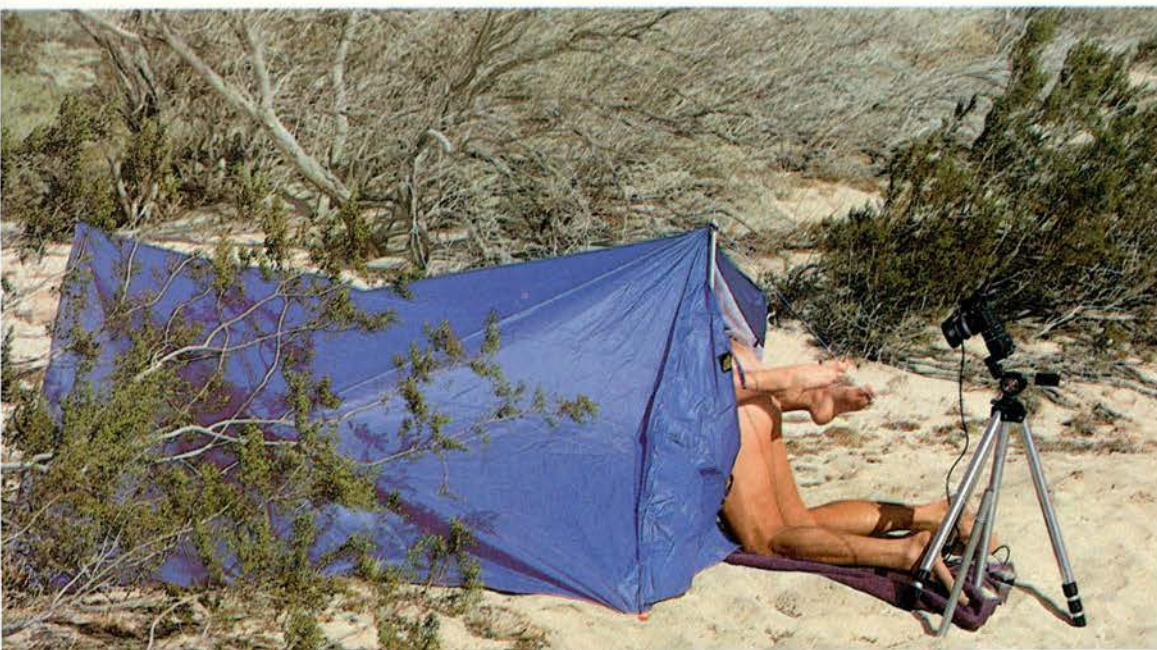


# Self-Portraits



Photography by Clive McLean



























## ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION (continued from page 100)

*If alternatives exist, why does experimentation on animals persist? One answer is that it's big business.*

daughters of women who took animal-tested diethylstilbestrol (DES) during pregnancy—to prevent miscarriage—were born with impaired fertility. A recent study of the daughters of the more than 5 million women who took the drug determined that only 45% were able to bear living children. Other groups of DES children had seriously defective reproductive systems, and still others developed cancer in their genital tracts.

But the agonies to which this blind adherence to animal testing can lead were never driven home more heartbreakingly than with the malformed Thalidomide babies of the '50s, born with fishlike flippers in place of normal arms or with useless stumps in the place of normal legs. Thalidomide—intended as a sleeping pill—had been extensively tested on dogs, cats, rats, monkeys, hamsters and chickens, and was demonstrated to be, according to expert S. F. Paget (editor of *Methods in Toxicology*), "an almost uniquely safe compound." Unfortunately, none of the test animals had been pregnant. Not until Thalidomide was administered to preg-

nant rabbits, after the drug was suspected of causing deformities in human babies, did any malformations appear.

"Would you accept a transfusion of blood from a monkey? From a cow? From a pig?" asks Baltimore-based biochemist and anti-vivisectionist Dr. Tyrone Denessy. "Yet diabetics are subjected to incompatible insulin from animals. The result is that they are insidiously poisoned."

Blindness, kidney failure, heart complications, gangrene and impotence, to which diabetes is thought to lead, are all actually the end results of injecting insulin derived from animals, claims Denessy. They are not, he maintains, inevitable symptoms of the disease. But in the medical establishment, which has ignored Denessy's arguments, "the first question you are asked is: 'Where are your animal experiments?' No animal experiments means no acceptance."

Even vaccines turn out to be suspect. The famous Salk vaccine held out the promise of eradicating polio, but it soon came to be regarded as so dangerous that it was quickly replaced by Sabin's polio

vaccine, which—in turn—was discovered to be a possible cause of cancer. Both vaccines are derived from animals.

Dr. Leonard Hayflick, former professor of microbiology at Stanford University, explains that while the viruses carried by animals are not cancer-causing for the animals, they *can* produce cancer when they cross the species barrier—in other words, when a polio virus derived from a monkey kidney or chicken embryo is injected into a human being. Similarly, the smallpox vaccine caused an "explosion of leukemia" in France and Poland, and the measles vaccine (derived from the kidneys of dogs) has been found to be contaminated with infectious canine hepatitis.

The conventional claim of vivisectionists is that there are no alternatives to animal-based scientific research. American surgeons, for example, allege that only by experimenting on live animals can a medical student learn the proper procedures for surgery on humans. Yet the practice has long been banned in England—with no adverse effects on medical education.

Furthermore, it is outmoded in this computer age: At the University of Southern California, for instance, a true-to-life computer-controlled robot was developed to replace animal "models." Called Sim I, the robot blinked, breathed and had a heartbeat; its pupils could even dilate. It could vomit, suffer heart arrest, react to drugs. Sim II, now in development, will be programmed to react to even more life-threatening illnesses than Sim I.

Testing organ, tissue and cell cultures rather than whole animals is another humane alternative to animal experimentation. At the University of Kentucky Tobacco and Health Research Institute Dr. Lester Bryant strapped two dozen monkeys in a chair, forcing them to inhale the smoke from one to three packs of cigarettes a day. Yet such suffering was wholly unnecessary. In *Alternatives to Pain* Pratt cites experimenters who exposed human lung cultures to tobacco smoke to demonstrate abnormal cell growth instead of using helpless monkeys. And other scientists simply studied the urine of smokers as contrasted with nonsmokers, discovering the presence of pre-cancer substances in the former.

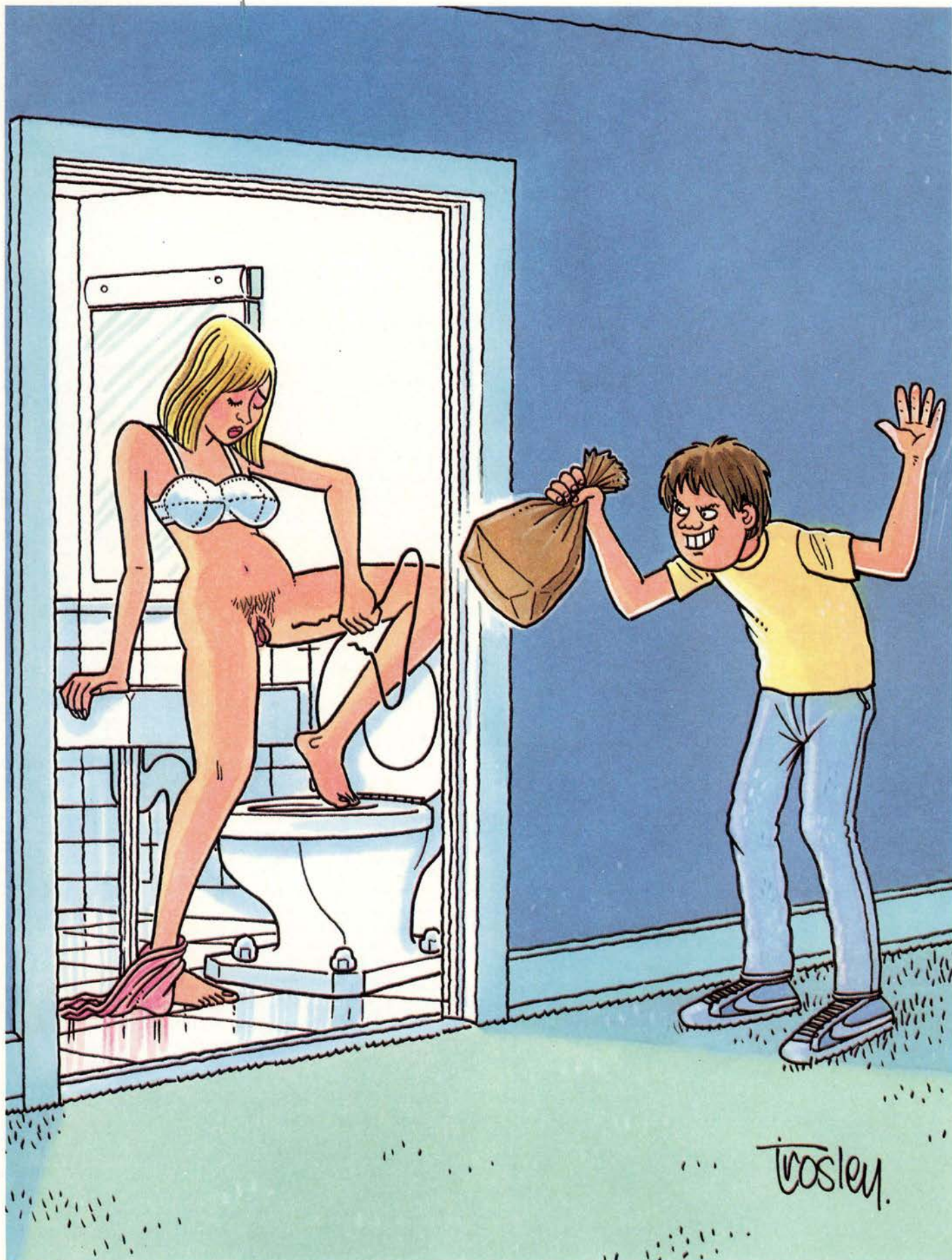
If alternatives exist, why does vivisection persist? And why do vivisectionists defend their practices with such furious passion? One answer is that vivisection is big business. Three billion dollars in taxpayers' money went to finance animal experimentation in 1977, and the estimate today is closer to \$4 billion. Every branch of the military conducts animal experiments—plus all the major universities and the international corporations that manufacture and distribute drugs.

The Atomic Energy Commission, Na-



"Don't worry; my brother won't mind. He's dead."







# HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name

Name to Be Published

Address

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security Number

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

## NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION Magazine's photo contest, *My Woman... My Wife*, in which case the prize awarded is \$50, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

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I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature

Date

tional Institute of Mental Health, U.S. Public Health Service, National Science Foundation and Rockefeller University are all involved in the practice and promotion of vivisection. The Charles River Breeding Laboratories, which supplies laboratory animals and advertises its living wares in the scientists' learned journals, is a multinational corporation (USA, England, Italy, Japan and West Germany). The drug industry has for 15 years outranked in profits all other manufacturing industries listed on the stock exchange.

People enter the vivisection business "for the same reason they enter any other business," says Dr. D. V. Allen, a member of the National Conference Board of Physicians in Industry, "to make money and to further their own interests."

But by far the most overwhelming expenditure of misdirected money is on what has been called the "cancer establishment." For years billions of dollars have been poured into animal-based cancer research. Animals have been fed large doses of various substances that are suspected of causing the disease. Other animals have had cancerous tumors implanted under their skin or in their chests, spines, tails or ears. Still others have been subjected to levels of radiation so high that the creatures' limbs fell off. Yet despite all this tortured suffering, medical research has failed to either prevent cancer or find a cure for it.

The reasons, according to anti-vivisectionists, are obvious. On one hand, cancer research has become "an inexhaustible source of income for the researchers, the pharmaceutical industry and the medical establishment... a source of solid gold without precedent," according to Hans Ruesch. And on the other, the whole basis of the research is false.

"The massively expensive efforts to find a 'cure' for cancer by inflicting it on millions of animals each year are self-serving, futile and dumb," he insists. "It should be obvious to anybody... that an experimental cancer caused by grafting cancerous cells into an animal, or in other arbitrary and violent ways such as... the exaggerated administration of any one substance, is entirely different from a cancer that develops on its own and, furthermore, in a human being. A spontaneous cancer has an intimate relationship to the organism that developed it and probably to the mind of that organism as well, whereas cancerous cells implanted into another organism have no 'natural' relationship whatsoever to that organism, which merely acts as a soil for the development of those cells."

Yet in the face of all this shocking evidence, animal experimentation goes on, and in the minds of critics the disturbing

thought has arisen that the personal motivations of researchers—the desire for huge grants, for prestige among their colleagues, for survival of the lucrative cancer establishment itself—depend on maintaining animal experimentation and thus finding no cure.

Fortunately, some scientists are beginning to see the error—and the inhumanity—of their ways. One former vivisector, looking back on the cruel experiments he had performed on animals for years, now admits how personal motivations distorted his scientific goals.

"Initially, my research was prompted by the desire to understand and help solve the problem of human aggression," said Dr. Roger Ulrich in a letter to the American Psychological Association. "But I later discovered that the results of my work did not seem to justify its continuance. Instead I began to wonder if perhaps financial rewards, professional prestige, the opportunity to travel, etc., were the maintaining factors."

Supported by the bureaucratic and legislative system, the scientific community is itself "a part of the problem," says Ulrich. His student Robert Brown wrote that "Dr. Ulrich, myself and others working out of the Behavior Research and Development lab no longer believe that the scientific information derived from the type of experimentation we previously conducted merits the imprisonment, torture and extermination of any member of any human or nonhuman species and that continued research of this sort should stop."

But *will* this torture ever stop? When all the facts are known, will you and your family continue to tolerate the suffering of millions of animals so that you can use a new kind of lipstick or mouthwash? Who benefits from the introduction of these new products, asks Peter Singer, author of the book *Animal Liberation*, "except the companies that hope to make a profit from their new gimmick"? Will you stop believing that we're on the road to discovering a cure for cancer, considering that the medical establishment has failed so miserably to find one? Will you keep supporting government-sponsored cancer research with your contributions while Washington continues to subsidize the growing of tobacco—known for a long time to be the primary cause of lung cancer?

Will you stand up and refuse to allow your tax dollars to be wasted on the needless torture of animals of all species in utterly useless, dangerous and misleading experiments—or will you shrug your shoulders and say, "There's nothing we can do"?

Think about it—the next time you play with your dog. 🐶



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# Beaver Hunt

This is your last chance to get those pictures to us in time to be chosen 1984 Beaver of the Year. Not only do we pay \$100 for every photo that appears here, but in each issue we select one lovely to be our Beaver of the Month (see pages 118-119). All of our monthly winners then go on to compete in HUSTLER's Beaver of the Year



contest and the chance to win a grand prize worth \$10,000—including exclusive contracts to appear as a HUSTLER model and to star in an upcoming HUSTLER video! So don't delay. Send in your snapshots now to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. (A couple of Polaroids are fine.) All entries become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Use the model release on page 112, or a facsimile, and please fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send the \$100.

Photo by Edward



Nineteen-year-old Danie from San Jose, California, is a model "for fun" and a housewife. Her fantasy? To be shipwrecked on a desert island with Def Leppard's lead singer.



Donna Sue Brunsdon, 21, is a "fast" woman who likes to race cars and have good sex. In her most vivid dream a faceless man and woman rub chocolate ice cream all over her body and lick it off.



D. C., a 20-year-old student in the nation's capital, likes watching X-rated movies. When she's not searching for a congressman to fool around with, she daydreams about being given a cum bath by ten well-hung guys.



Photo by Ricky Goings

Rebecca, 22, has a far-out hobby: sucking off her boyfriend while he's driving. Rebecca insists she's even fucked him silly while speeding along a highway back home in Iowa. If the police stop them, that really would be a moving violation.



Photo by Kent Bovenmver



Photo by Husband

Luscious Lynn, a 23-year-old cashier, believes that the South will rise again. Her favorite fantasy is to be tickled with a feather duster before being attacked head-on by her husband—just like General William Tecumseh Sherman did to Atlanta.



Photo by Michael Morgan



A 26-year-old mother from Illinois who calls herself T. K. says she yearns to make it with a pop star who has hair as long as her own. Does this mean she's after Boy George's body?

Photo by Husband



Sandy C. is a 20-year-old redhead from Savannah, Georgia, who loves to go fishing with her husband—both of them in the nude. After catching their limit, they usually do a little rod and reeling on the shoreline under a shady tree.

Photo by Husband



Tina Maria, a 21-year-old Ohio photographer, likes to dance at clubs "with as little on as possible." She has a scar on her cheek and feels she's a shoo-in for the sequel to Al Pacino's *Scarface*.



Photo by Husband

Illinois is home for slinky  
Christie, a 19-year-old student  
who dreams of having crazy sex  
with her boyfriend deep in the  
woods. They'd make so much  
noise, she says, they'd probably  
scare all the animals away.



An Alabama secretary, 22-year-old  
Babs enjoys indoor gardening,  
swimming and waterskiing. We  
think she's the best thing we've seen  
in a tub since rubber duckies.



Photo by Todd



Photo by Husband

This snapshot proves that C. L., a  
Michigan med student, certainly  
knows her anatomy. The  
31-year-old is a diehard romantic  
who hopes her husband will still  
be fucking and sucking her when  
they're both 90.



Photo by Peter



"I want to tie a muscular man down and do whatever comes into my head—or mouth," says Ann, a 22-year-old shoe-shop worker. Her hobby is horseback riding—bareback, of course.

Photo by Glenn



Lovely little Tina is a 20-year-old who spends her weekends sunbathing on Florida's nude beaches. During the week she's a welder and a well driller's helper.

Photo by Husband



Red-hot Sheba, 27, is a Texas college student who likes to communicate with body language and who loves to give good, slow head.





# BEAVER SPOTLIGHT

Sizzling 18-year-old Laura was so excited about winging her way to Los Angeles for our special *Beaver Spotlight* shooting that she bought herself a whole new wardrobe just for the occasion: "I got three skimpy bikinis, four pairs of high-riding shorts and one *very* revealing negligee. You never know who you





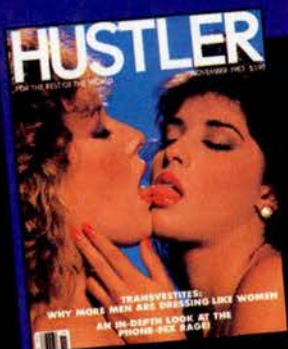
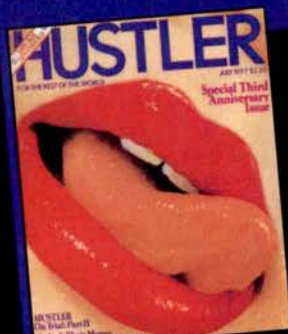
might meet in Hollywood." This Denver telephone repairwoman dreams repeatedly of making it with a movie star. "Wouldn't Al Pacino or Robert Redford be great? I was hoping one of them would be on the plane I took to L.A. During the entire flight I fantasized about hiding in a lavatory in back and becoming a full-fledged member of the 'Mile High Club.' "

When she's not skin diving near her lake-shore home in the Rockies, Laura spends a lot of time taking yoga classes and watching the men working out at her health club. "I just adore guys with huge, rippling muscles. Sometimes they join in one of my stretch classes. I face toward them, look 'em in the eyes and wrap my feet around my ears. That really rings their chimes." And ours too.





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## SEX ADDICTS

**B**ob B. was driving his baby-sitter home late one Saturday night when it happened. Although married for eight years, he had often fantasized about this girl, jerking off while picturing her naked and willing on his couch. Just 17, she had the body of a woman—hard, jutting breasts and long, shapely legs she liked to show off beneath the skimpiest of shorts.

As Bob recalled these fantasies while driving the girl home, he became intensely aroused. His cock hardened, and his head started to spin. He couldn't stand it any longer. Telling the baby-sitter there was something wrong with the engine, he pulled over to the side of the road. Then he grabbed her roughly, pawing her breasts and trying to kiss her on the mouth.

The young woman screamed and began to cry. Frightened and confused by Bob's aggressive behavior, she demanded that he take her home immediately. Bob complied, pleading with her not to breathe a word to anyone about his sudden outburst.

After dropping her off, Bob stopped the car again, unzipped his pants and masturbated frantically several times. Then he continued the drive home feeling depressed and guilty.

Bob suffers from something experts have only recently identified as a growing problem in this country: sexual addiction. Just as some people are hooked on alcohol or drugs, we now know that thousands have an uncontrollable, unquenchable craving for sex. Some of these so-called sex addicts express their urges in relatively harmless ways like excessive masturbation, voyeurism or exhibitionism. The sex addict may be a man who's compulsively unfaithful to his wife or a single woman who can't stop cruising singles bars—even though the encounters leave her feeling depressed and empty. More-troubled sex



BY KEITH SIKES

*Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.*

addicts may commit serious crimes, such as incest, rape and child molestation.

Unlike people with healthy sexual appetites, sex addicts are unhappy with themselves and their lives. They're caught up in the same compulsion that leads the alcoholic to seek "just one more drink." That extra shot is never enough for the alcoholic; the additional orgasm never satisfies a sex addict. The sexual experience becomes a temporary cure-all for the addict's anxiety, boredom or pain. He grows apart from his family and friends. His work may suffer even to the point of losing his job. And though the addict's behavior is increasingly destructive, he feels powerless to change.

"I was so preoccupied with masturbating and sexual fantasy, I kept thinking to myself, what can I do to keep this buzz going all the time?" remembers Larry S., a former sex addict now in treatment. "I didn't want to go off and visit prostitutes, because

that would have been against my values. So I always said, 'Well, I'm just masturbating. Nobody knows.' But jerking off all the time kept me away from my wife. I'd get pleasure out of masturbating rather than being intimate with her."

Dr. Patrick Carnes—author of *The Sexual Addiction* and the nation's leading authority on the subject—says there are five clues to identifying sexual addiction. In his view the addict:

- has repeated sexual encounters without any satisfying relationships.
- abuses others with his sexual behavior.
- leads a "double life" by trying to keep his behavior secret.
- jeopardizes his family life and his job.
- tries repeatedly to stop the behavior he feels so badly

(continued on page 148)



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# MAIL - ORDER FEEDBACK



This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in the pages of *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, write *Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

**Edited by Doug Oliver**

## WET AND WILD:

The Society for Research in New Methods of Recreation has just published its first series of erotic postcards comprising photos from the private collections of its members. The society's avowed purpose is to document our times through uncensored, nonprofessional photographs of "those private moments that touch all our lives." In this case, those moments happen to be golden showers. Although it's arguable whether ladies peeing in various unusual locations in and out of doors touch all our lives, there can be no question that this activity is of interest to a good many people.

If this sounds as though it could be a turn-on, you can purchase the initial group of 12 postcards—not suitable for mailing—for \$25 from the society's director, Alexandra Love (132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011). The price seems rather steep, and the quality of the pics could be better, but hey—you also get a membership in the society, a monthly newsletter and a listing of other members around the world.

## REEL PEOPLE:

Where can I obtain hard-core videos of people who aren't porn stars? I'm tired of porn "actors" and would like to see some *real* people fucking and sucking on the screen. Can you help me?

—W. C.  
Greensboro, North Carolina

Try Home Movies Ltd. Distributed by Select/Direct (P.O. Box 1054, Northridge, CA 91324), this popular line of adult videos features only amateur performers. Volume 3 (the best so far) is available now for \$54.95 (plus \$3.50 shipping and handling). Volume 4 is in the works.

Uninhibited adult-video performers interested in appearing in future volumes of Home Movies should send a 30-minute tape to Select/Direct, attention Jay Shanahan. Tapes can be either Beta or VHS but must have good sound and good color. Sex with children or animals, pissing, shitting, fist-fucking—anything illegal or too gross—will not be considered. If your tape is selected, it could bring you as much as \$500! Okay, are you ready? Lights! Camera! Hard-on!

## HARD-CORE HIGHLIGHTS:

I just received a flier from an outfit called *Instant Action* (JAF Box 3237, New York, NY 10116) offering "ten hard-core full-color video features" for \$55. This sounds like a really good deal—is it too good? Is this a ripoff?

—R. B.  
Rochester, New York

You bet your ass it is. *Instant Action Inc.* is the latest alias of the family of sleazebags *HUSTLER* has been exposing for more than a year now: *PC Video*, *Videoplex*, *Videomax*, *White Horse Video*, *UFA Fulfillment*, *Sanstape*, *American Video*, *Precision Video*, *Reset Inc.*, *Blue-X* and *Videomate*. These scum-sucking con artists sell preview tapes for as high as \$99 by tricking the public into believing they'll actually receive ten full-length

features instead of just the highlights.

The previews are definitely full-color and hard-core, but why should anyone pay jacked-up prices for something that's available through a legit distributor for under \$10? *Video Mail Order Co.* (P.O. Box 1644, Canoga Park, CA 91304-4991) has issued *Preview Volumes 1* and *2*, which present highlights of ten movies each, including *Urban Cowgirls*, *The Filthy Rich*, *Debbie Does Dallas* and *I Like to Watch*—the same titles offered by the ripoff companies—but for only \$9.95 per tape or both for \$17.95. Remember, these aren't complete movies, but there's enough hard-core action to keep your pecker stiff for the hour they run—all at an extremely reasonable price. Maybe this turn of events will finally put *Instant Action* and others of its ilk out of business.

## GETTING THEIR ACT TOGETHER:

I sent \$18 to *Periodicals Unlimited* (664 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 1010-2M40, Chicago, IL 60611) for six magazines more than a month ago. I'm still waiting for my merchandise. Can you light a fire under these guys?

—J. P.  
Tallahassee, Florida

J. P.'s magazines should be in his hands right now. We received a number of letters complaining about slow delivery by this company and its affiliates, *Premier Publications*, *Premier Video Productions*, *Progressive Publications*, *RFV*, *Video Entertainment International* and *Color Litho Corporation*. *HUSTLER* contacted the people at *Periodicals Unlimited* and was told that there had been a big backlog of orders caused by its changing over to a new computer system but that all the orders had been filled and shipped. These firms are upfront with their customers, and anyone experiencing difficulty with an order should call (219) 981-1068 and ask for Wendy in customer service. ☛





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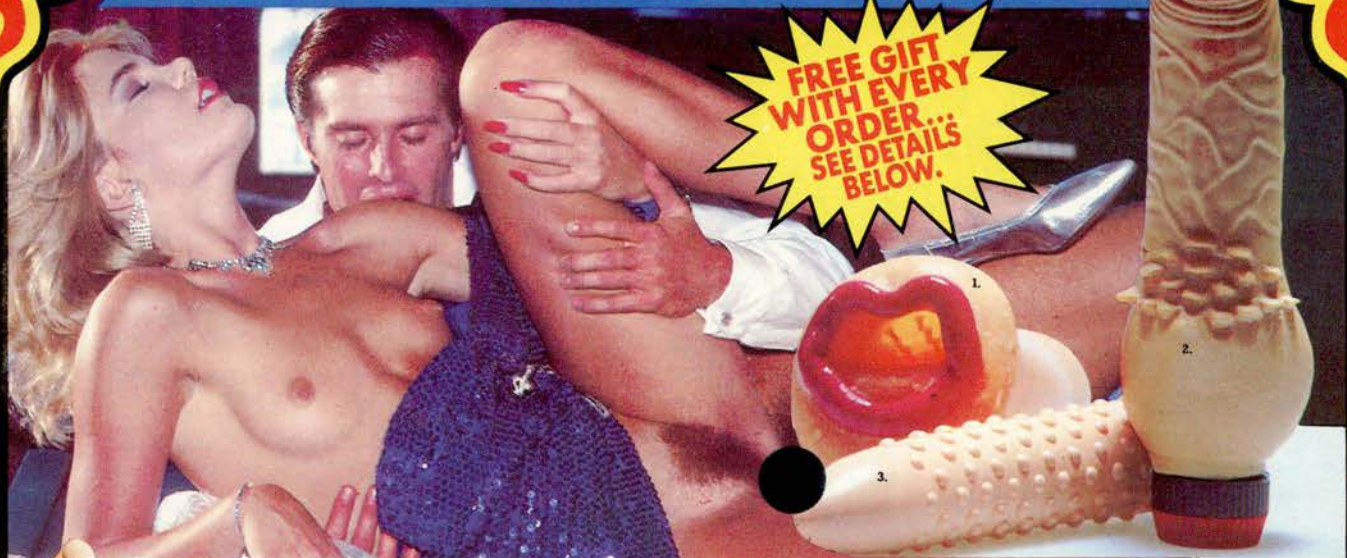
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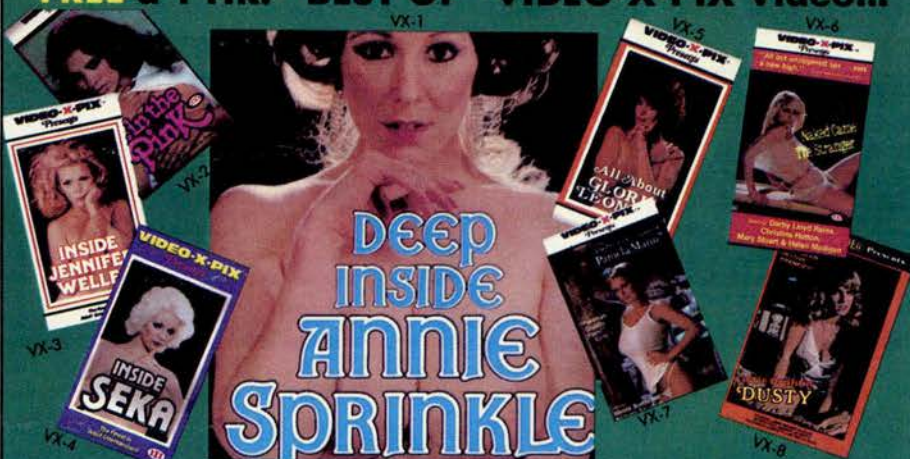
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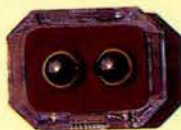
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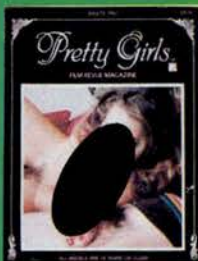
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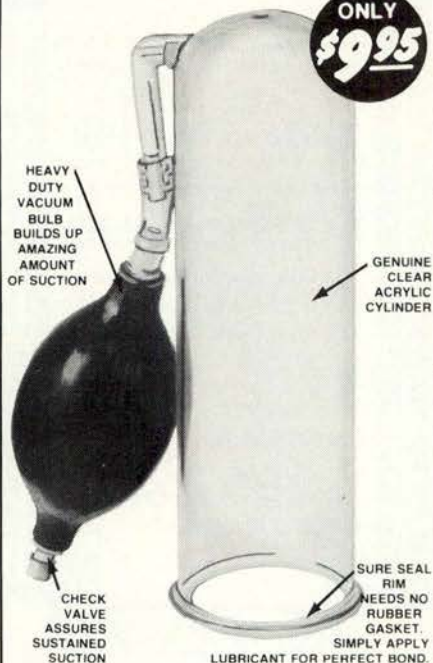
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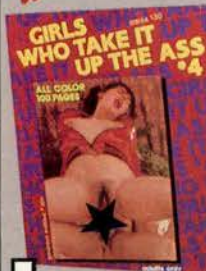
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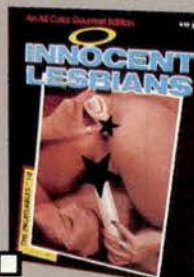


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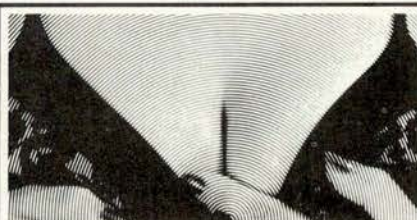
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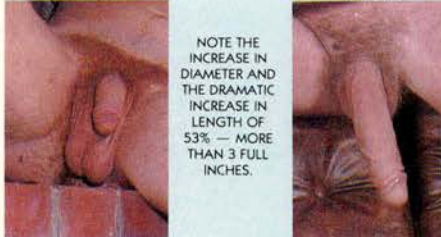
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## SEX PLAY

(continued from page 121)

about, but he is simply unable to do so.

A 30-year-old engineer named John H. displayed his sexual addiction by patronizing hookers, cruising bars and spending hours a day in porn theaters. As his obsession increased, his life fell apart. "It got so I couldn't stop myself from doing things that were completely against my morals," says John. "My work began to suffer as my thoughts were constantly focused on sexual gratification."

Such an obsessive, destructive attitude toward sex is usually rooted in the sex addict's childhood. Some were the victims of incest or molestation. More often, though, the childhood problem developed in a less dramatic way. "Parents can keep alcohol away from kids, and they can even control how much kids eat," says Carnes. "But one thing they can't control is the way kids comfort themselves, say with masturbation. If something like that is done in secrecy and then discovered by the parents, they might shame the children and tell them they're naughty for masturbating, for being sexual. These kids experience intense pleasure; yet their parents disapprove. So intense sexual pleasure and feeling bad about oneself become fused. They become part of the same experience."

Make no mistake; a belief that sex is bad lies at the heart of the sex addict's dilemma. He knows no joy in sex—only despair. While a healthy individual may gain pleasure, self-esteem and other positive feelings from sex, the addict feels only guilt. When he thinks about other men and women enjoying sex, he feels deprived. Eventually, the addict may feel justified in violating the rights of others to satisfy his own uncontrollable lust.

Until something traumatic happens—rape or an arrest for deviant behavior—the typical addict finds it easy to convince himself that he doesn't have a problem. But the fact is, he's lost control over his desires. That's why sex addicts are in stark contrast to the healthy individual who rents an adult film on the weekend or occasionally visits a prostitute.

While the number of sex addicts in this country is not known, Carnes has treated many more men than women for the problem. But he believes that may be because women are more hesitant about seeking help.

The people most vulnerable to sexual addiction in this country, however, are homosexuals—especially those just out of the closet. "We live in a [gay-fearing] society that inhibits and degrades those who decide or must adapt to homosexuality," says Dr. Lawrence Hatterer, author of *The Pleasure Addicts*. "All too of-

ten during the early stages [of coming out], hedonistic abandon becomes a typical reaction against the pain."


Although the epidemic spread of AIDS has somewhat reduced random addictive sex in the gay community, homosexuals have addressed the continuing problems by forming a group called Sexual Compulsives Anonymous. Using a step-by-step program of behavior modification, the group aims to "regear sex drives to healthier ways that will place emphasis on long-term relationships."

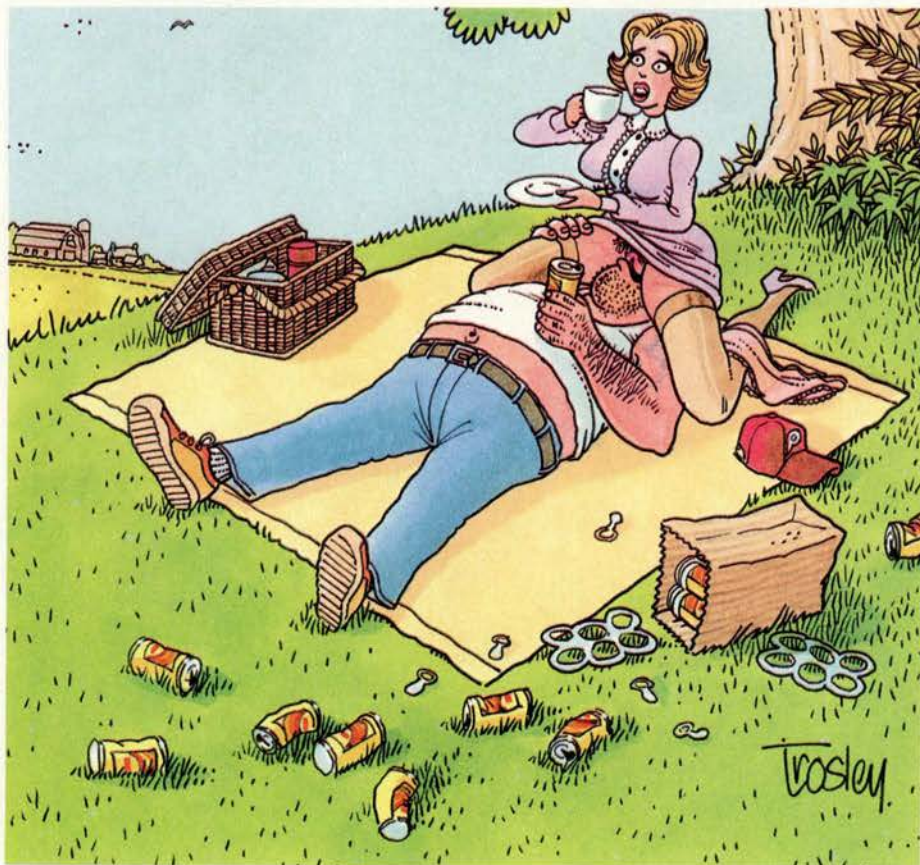
For the heterosexual sex addict most doctors recommend joining a self-help group-therapy organization such as Sexaholics Anonymous. Like its more famous model, Alcoholics Anonymous, SA is rooted firmly in belief in God, defined by members as a "power greater than ourselves." If you're a sex addict, "part of your recovery is learning new ways to handle your anxiety," Carnes explains. "And part of handling anxiety is to learn a new way of looking at your life and deciding what's valuable to you."

Following the 12-Steps program developed by AA, addicts in Sexaholics Anonymous first admit that their lives are out of control. "The crucial change in attitude begins when we admit we are powerless, that our habit has us whipped," says a spokesman for the group. "We come to regular meetings and withdraw from our habit. For some this means no masturbation. For others it means "drying out"—even refraining from having sex with spouses for a time to recover from a life pattern of obsessive lust.

"We discover that we *can* stop, that not feeding the hunger doesn't kill us, that sex is indeed optional! There is hope for freedom, and we begin to feel alive. Encouraged to continue, we turn more and more away from our obsession with sex and self and turn to other people—and to God."

That obsession with "sex and self" was revealed recently by Harold C. Lyon Jr., a seemingly unlikely candidate for sexual addiction. He was a West Point graduate, an Army officer and a director of federal education programs for gifted children. Then he was arrested by Virginia detectives on charges of pimping and prostitution. Pleading before the court, Lyon said that "he suffers from a mental illness that caused him to be addicted to sexual gratification." Apparently unimpressed, the judge sentenced Lyon to nine months in jail.

The notion that people can actually be addicted to sex may still be difficult for the judiciary—or society at large—to swallow. But at least now there's recognition that the problem exists. For addicts like Bob, Larry and John, that can mean a chance to learn the *real* joy of sex. 



"It'll never work, Harry. I'm herbal tea and yogurt, and you're beer and pussy."





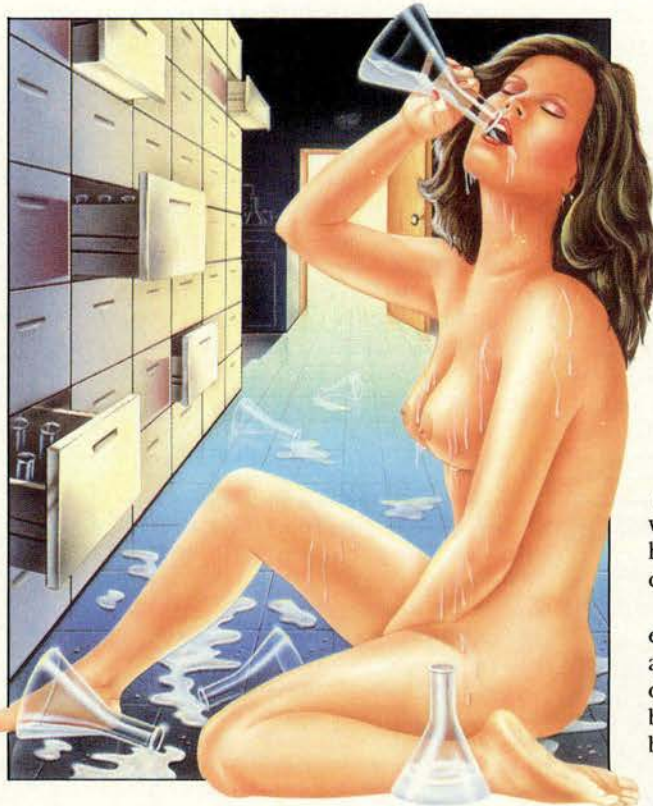
## THE GREAT SPERM-BANK ROBBERY

I love to eat. Even the *thought* of eating arouses me. As food critic for the local newspaper, I always got excited when I was dressing to go out on an assignment. I never wore any panties under my dining-out dresses, because I knew that once a rich cream sauce was around my tongue, I'd want to slip my left hand under the tablecloth and up my dress to massage my moist, pulsating pussy.

But after two years of eating at our city's most exclusive restaurants, I had gained nearly ten pounds. Even my live-in lover, Jack, who normally popped his pecker just glancing at my curvaceous, peaches-and-cream body, mentioned that I was beginning to look a bit plump.

That did it. I decided to diet, which meant having to take a leave of absence from reviewing food and doing interviews with chefs and restaurant owners instead. I didn't mind at first because I was slimming down; but before I knew it, a new problem arose. I was developing insatiable cravings. The less I ate, the more I dreamed, day and night, about eating. Those buttery sauces and soft custards I had given up possessed me as I brushed my teeth; they lapped at the edges of my consciousness as I sat at my typewriter; they sometimes came on so fiercely that I had to leave my office and go into the ladies' room to get off. My tongue would swirl with remembered sensations as I thrust urgent fingers in and out of my pussy, imagining the melt-in-the-mouth desserts I had once known. But even though I always climaxed, I still felt no peace.

I was torn with anxiety. Should I surrender to my obsession? Or should I struggle to stifle my cravings? If only I could discover the perfect food: sensual, savory, creamy and rich in healthy proteins—but low in calories and fat.



BY 'LETTIE LOWELL

*Kinky Korner is written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER will pay \$100 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced-typed or neatly handwritten-manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

Little did I suspect where the solution lay.

One night Jack came home late from work to find me rummaging through the refrigerator in a frenzy. I was half-naked, my rounded buttocks high in the air as I leaned over, searching the bottom shelves. Without saying a word, Jack approached me and plunged his finger into the dark core of my asshole, shocking me out of my daze. He whirled me around, unzipped his fly and thrust his demanding cock into my desperate mouth.

"Suck me, baby," Jack insisted, holding onto my shoulders and sliding his penis down the depths of my throat. I gagged, but he went on. "Take it all, baby—that's it, take it," he kept repeating. And I surrendered completely—not only wanting that cock but needing it. I was sucking like a vacuum cleaner when he finally shot his flood of jism into my mouth.

I was ecstatic. My taste buds were on fire. A voice inside me begged for more. Sprawled on the kitchen floor with the bitter-sweet cum clinging to my tongue and the leftover drying on my cheeks and breasts, I realized

that the nourishment I needed came not from continental cuisine. It came from a man's sperm.

For the next few weeks I knew a pleasure beyond any I had experienced before. Every night I sucked Jack's cock till it exploded in my mouth and he swept the final drops all over my face. And every morning before he left for work, I'd stage a repeat performance. *What healthier breakfast could I have, after all?* I thought. A book I'd found at the library had convinced me that cum was a miracle food with minimal calories. It had vitamins C and B-12, as well as calcium—in fact, it had traces of all the important minerals. Cum contained plasma for healing,



fructose for energy, and lactic acid—a natural tranquilizer.

I would never crave fattening cream sauces again. I could have my cum and swallow it too—while remaining trim.

One morning I was preparing a salad to take to work for lunch when suddenly the sight of all those greens bored me. I had jizz for breakfast, jizz as a nightcap; so why couldn't I have jizz for lunch?

I sat down in Jack's lap. "Sweetheart, I know this sounds a little strange, but couldn't you give me a little cum for my thermos every day? I'd have something to remind me of you while we're apart. And I wouldn't have to go off my diet."

To my shock, Jack pushed me away. He was angry. "You've got to be kidding, baby," he said. "Don't you realize you've been draining me dry?"

I was so upset, I couldn't go to work that day. All morning I lay in bed playing with my pussy, trying to cheer myself up and licking the love juice off my fingers. But it wasn't the same. I had to have cum, and I had to have it all the time.

At that moment a light bulb went off in my head—just like in the comic strips. There was a *sperm bank* in town—one of those places where they collect ejaculate from anonymous donors for artificial insemination of women married to sterile men. I could arrange to get in with some story about wanting to interview the boss,

and in the meantime I could case the joint, figuring how to get in when there was no one around. I got hot just thinking about it, because I knew the facility must store the loads of *thousands* of men. I could swallow my fill and take enough home to stay happy for years.

I arranged to meet R. B. Curtis, the head of the sperm bank, and he took me on a tour of the premises. I saw the rows of frozen cum in storage and the cum-thawing apparatus; I even pretended interest in what he was telling me. But the notes I took had nothing to do with Curtis's boring spiel; I was writing down the location of an unlocked door.

Sunday morning I told Jack I was no longer interested in the few pitiful drops of semen he could muster up for breakfast. Frankly, I said, I'd prefer pancakes dripping with syrup. And I left the house without another word.

I sped across town in my MG and parked near the sperm bank, praying that the emergency exit would be unlocked from the outside as well as the inside. I was breathing hard as I tried it—and went nearly insane with joy when it opened.

I dashed in and looked around. Where to begin? It was all for me, row after row of it. I burned with excitement. There was enough cum in that room to last me forever. I tore off my clothes, pulled open the freezer and reached in for the

frozen specimens. Then I stuffed the defrosting apparatus full of test tubes. Lying on the floor, I licked a bar of frozen cum like a Popsicle, rubbed it all over my chilled nipples and teased my hot little clit with it. Then the red light went on: The cum I'd put in the heater was ready, just as Mr. Curtis had explained. I lifted out all the melted jism and then jammed even more frozen sperm into the heater.

Then the fun started. I poured the cum down my throat as fast as I could—till I nearly gagged. I rubbed what I could over my body, spilling as much as I drank. Soon the floor felt slippery under me from all the spilled jizz, and my mind took off. All the men on Earth were jack-ing off on top of me, and I was swallowing their semen, rubbing it on my tits and my thighs. More, more, give me more.

Reality intervened, and the red light went on again. I stumbled as if drunk back to the freezer—smashing as many containers as I managed to collect while I tried to stuff them into the heater after pulling the melted ones out. Exhausted, I went down on all fours, my tongue lapping up the slick ejaculate from the floor. Voices inside my head told me to get hold of myself, to save some for the future, to get out of there with as much as I could take. But I couldn't stop—it was too good. I wanted it all *now*. I had to have it.

Suddenly I screamed: There were feet beside me. I looked up from the floor and saw a 6-6 security guard with an amazed expression on his face. "Getting a little carried away, aren't you?" he asked.

I was frightened. My whole career would be lost if he arrested me—and even worse things would happen if my supply of cum were cut off. With a gleam in his eye he took a pair of handcuffs out and locked them onto my wrists.

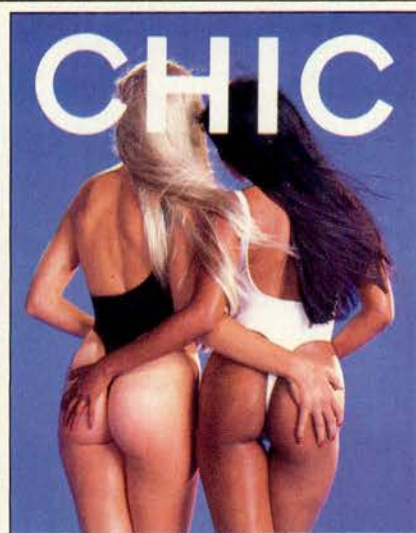
"I'll have to take you in," he said. But just as I began to shake my head frantically, he started to laugh, pulling out his cock, a stiff rod that looked almost as long as he was tall. He thrust it brutally into my mouth. "Suck it, lady. Suck it good," he told me. "I got some fresh stuff for you."

When the red light went on again, he opened the heater and emptied the test tubes all over my face while I kept on sucking him. He began to moan, then growl, then scream in ecstasy, gushing his huge load down my throat. It was the sweetest, freshest cum I had ever tasted.

That was a couple of weeks ago. Since then Jack has moved out, and my security guard and I worked out a deal. He delivers a week's supply of cum from the sperm bank to my place every Sunday night. And before he leaves, for his pleasure and mine, I suck him off.

It's gourmet heaven. 🍷

NOVEMBER HUSTLER



★ The coming of fall doesn't mean cooler temperatures in the pages of CHIC—whose November beauties will keep you hotter than a rogue elephant in heat. First, there's lovely LESLIE, who'll show you more ways than you thought possible to enjoy a cozy couch by the fire in LOVE HUNGRY. Then you'll join two big-city babes who play dress-up in LONGING FOR LINGERIE. Next, the lithe and lean body of centerfold OLIVIA proves she's a fitness nut who really likes GETTING PHYSICAL. Finally, you'll take part in a raunchy sex rodeo with a buxom blonde and her bareback cowboy lover in TALL IN THE SADDLE.

★ It's J. R. Nelson's job to examine the remains of murder victims, to risk his life finding their killers and to help reassemble the shattered lives of the survivors. He's a homicide cop, and he knows that most of

his colleagues will end up mental cases, quit within a few years or even get killed. In this gripping account of his ten years on the force, Nelson tells about some truly unforgettable cases—and why he still loves his work.

★ In the movie *WarGames* a computer leads America to the brink of disaster. In real life the Pentagon already has a plan that will fight a nuclear war all by itself. Steve Salerno pulls the lid off this doomsday project, which makes a mockery of Ronald Reagan's assurances that our military arsenal exists only to *prevent* a holocaust.

★ Plus: SEX LIFE takes an insightful look into boredom, a common sexual ailment; DOPE tells about New York City's "convenience" stores, where you can get almost any illegal drug; and ODDS & ENDS satisfies your appetite for the ridiculous.

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### INSIDE THE MOONIES

Affiliated with mysterious right-wing backers on two continents, religious cult leader Sun Myung Moon and his Unification Church are increasing in both visibility and membership in the United States. Read this gripping firsthand report by Jim Forrest, who was almost duped into becoming a Moonie himself when he infiltrated the organization to expose the real reason behind its fanatic devotion to Moon: mind control.



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Stu Ungar may be an egotistical, obnoxious, overbearing little s.o.b., but who cares? As Steve Magagnini's hard-hitting profile reveals, this two-time world poker champion just might be the greatest gambler who ever lived.



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*Sex Play* takes a look at penis implants, the new miracle cure for the 10 million American men who suffer from impotence. *Kinky Korner* tells the tale of a petite lady gymnast who finds herself double-teamed by a pair of towering basketball players. *Washington Daisy Chain* reveals the latest government scoops and scandals. *HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment* keeps you up-to-date on the best and the worst in X-rated films and books. And *Bits and Pieces* continues to make off-the-wall humor an art form.





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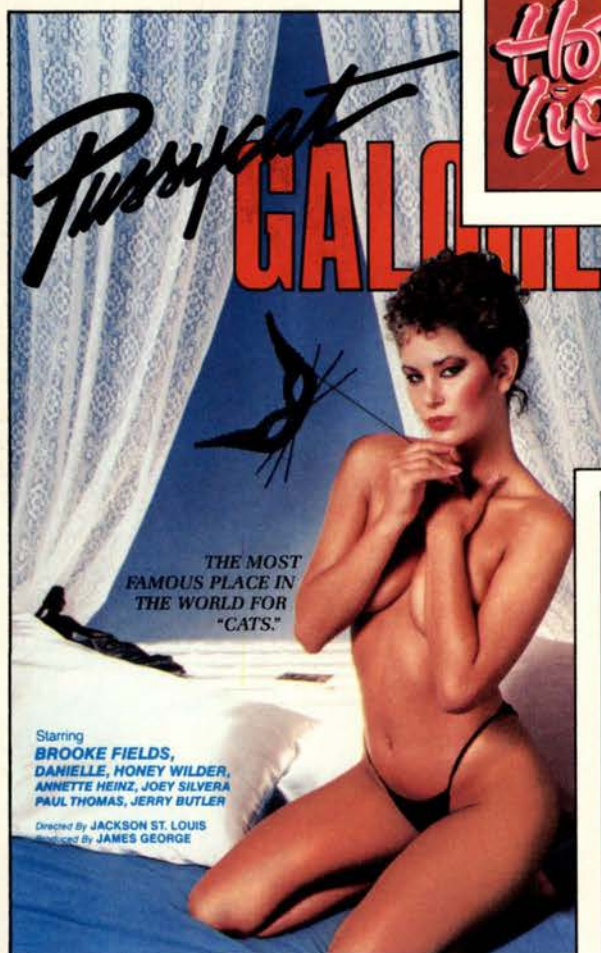
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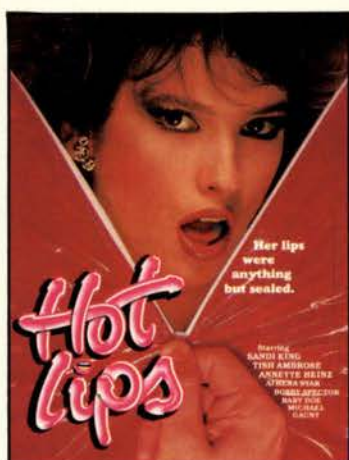
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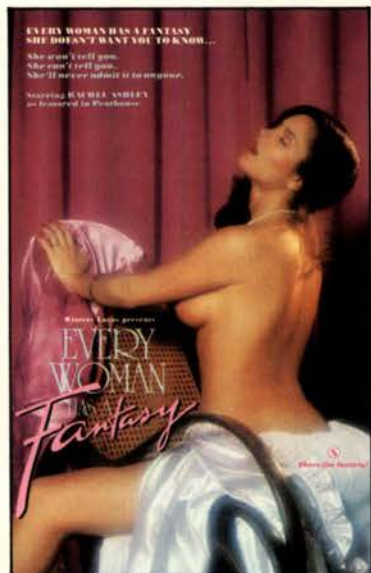
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